

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

## What more can be Wanted to Prove the Immense and Wide-Spread Circulation of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?

READ THE FOLLOWING

From one of the most respectable and the largest advertising firms in America:

LOWELL, MASS., June 6, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE—Dear Sir: Our agents in foreign countries, Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Turkey, Tunis, Algiers, India, China and Japan, have mentioned, among the other American publications that reach them, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; and have also spoken of the interest that is taken in its delineations.

JAMES C. AYER & Co.

## Letter from Our Special Correspondent in London. Going to the Derby—Scenes on the Road—The Horses— The Race and the Result.

London, May 22, 1860.

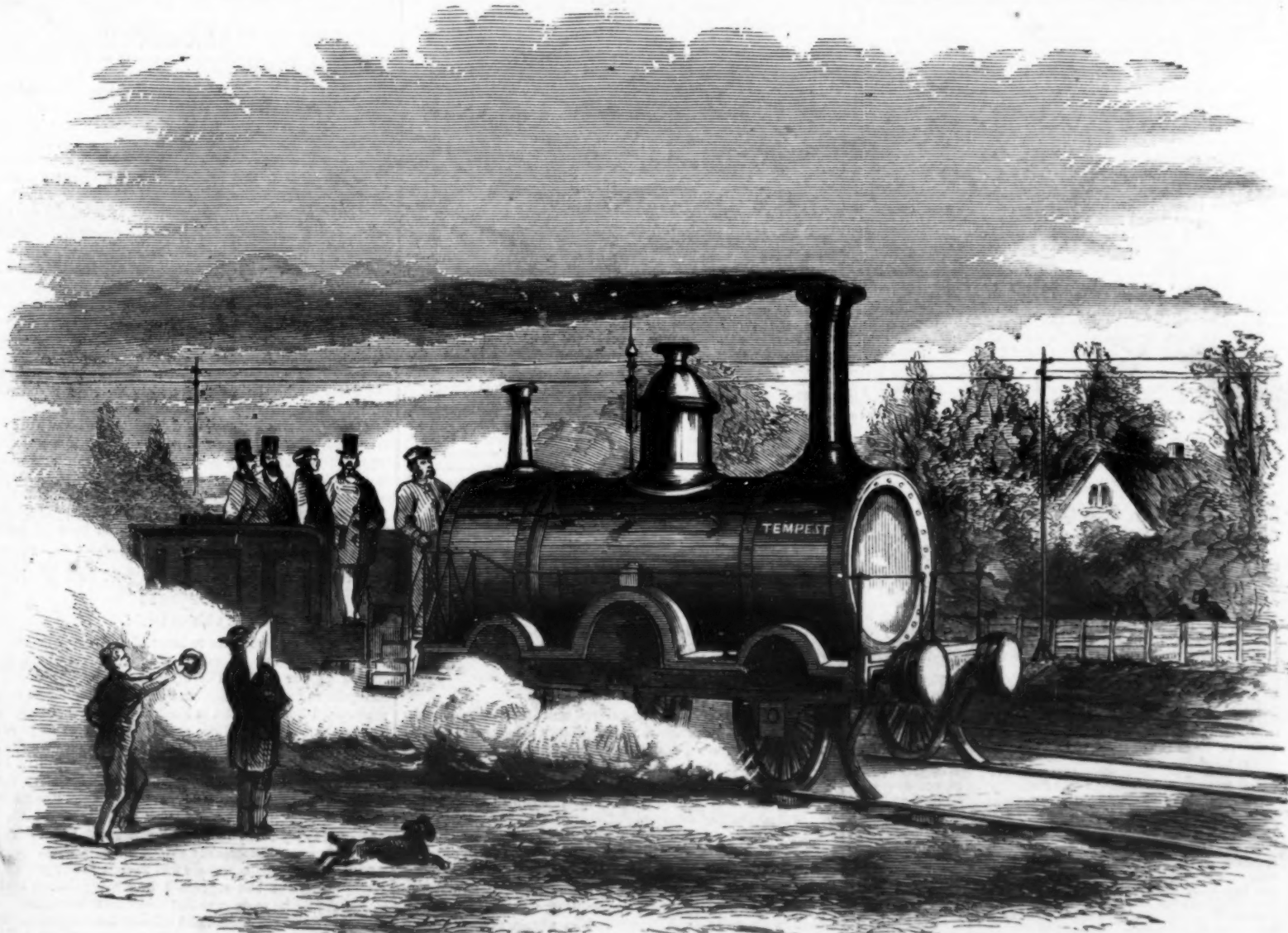
I WAS seated, about three weeks since, beneath the spreading arms of a walnut tree, in the grounds connected with one of the nearest villas adjacent to London. Now an English villa is, generally speaking, a precisely comfortable abode, the windows opening close down to the floors, and the house spreading itself over much ground. From the windows on the first floor you could step right on to the lawn of Percy Cross Lodge. And what a lawn! Neither the Italian,



HEAD OF THE CANE TO BE PRESENTED TO JACK MACDONALD, HEENAN'S TRAINER, BY MESSRS. PHILAN AND BRYANT.—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY AND CO., NEW YORK.

French or Swiss lawns can compare with the English. How perfectly level its stretch; how profoundly rich in color is the green of every blade of that grass, whose multitudinous assemblage forms a field similar to a carpet of green plush—it has the same springy sensation when you tread upon it; how well trimmed are those grafted roses that line the gravelled walks; how harmoniously do those beds and parterres of flowers affect the eye; how regularly do those peaches, nectarines and apricots spread their tender limbs and tendrils against the wall where the warmest rays of the sun pour down. Ah, it is a Spring day, bright as the heart could wish; not a cloud, light as a whiff of smoke from a cigar or the last passing puff of a fog, dulls the royal blue of the sky above, but with a warm, measured glow, the sun pours down heat into the hearts of the flowers and vitalizes every species of vegetation. The lilacs are fully in blossom, purple, white and pink, while the apple, plum and pea plant are so rich in their blooming garments, and so packed with their own wealth of blossom, that they seem imbedded in a cloud of swansdown or a drapery of snowflakes. Then the robins and even the sparrow skip hop and chirp over the lawn, just as happy and free as men's thoughts that arise in the contemplation of such a scene.

Now this is all sentimentalism the reader may say, and so perhaps it is. But if you were an American, and had been pent up in London for a month, unable to see anything but piles of gloomy buildings, smoky, not with age, but with smut that floats in and pervades the atmosphere: if you had in vain looked and longed for the sun, you would hail this Spring day scene even as I did; the very air seemed mellow and fragrant. Why, there is nothing that scatters a man's troubles quicker than a visit to such a spot, where the dogs come leaping at you with a friendly bound, where you can pass away a happy afternoon watching the old hen and the little brood of



OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, DR. AUGUSTUS RAWLINGS, WITH OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CONVERTING THE SKETCHES AND THE NEWS OF THE RESULT OF THE GREAT DERBY RACE, ON A SPECIAL ENGINE, ENGAGED FOR THAT PURPOSE, TO SOUTHAMPTON, TO MEET THE VANDERBILT, MAY 23, 1860.



chickens, feeding a cow, looking at fat pigs, or romping with the children, who have been delighting themselves with spoiling their clothes and accomplishing wonderful feats in the way of making mud cakes. I pity the man who cannot sometimes cast off his grave countenance and enjoy the scenes I have described.

But I commenced this letter by stating I was seated under a tree, and from that point I diverged into a disquisition on all sorts of nonsense; it is pleasant to tantalize a reader. Well, there were two lovely English girls there too, one with light brown hair, blue deep liquid eyes, and a face that would set half the young men who visit Stratford and Newport crazy; then the other was a direct opposite, black hair and eyes large and profound, each glance reaching into the soul of the gazer on; these English girls (they don't call them young ladies in England) were none of your thin skinned beauties, but of elegant form and of good solid flesh. We had some delicious cherry cobbler on the table. I remember distinctly the rich color of one large luscious strawberry that obtruded itself upon my silver tube every time I tried to draw its contents. But the reader may say what has all this got to do with the Derby. Well, I will tell you, we were not alone, oh no, the paternalists were there; there was an ominous silence, broken finally by the eldest daughter, who said, "Pa, the Derby comes off soon; don't you think it would be jolly to go?" The governor puffed stronger on his cigar; there must have been something intensely interesting on the ground, for he never raised his eyes.

Second daughter now commenced attack. "Pa, you know you promised we should go to the Derby this year, and I know you will not disappoint us, would you, pa?" and the young enchantress laid her hand upon her father's shoulder and looked him lovingly in the eyes. This was a severe attack, but still the governor kept his eye on the ground and smoked his regalia with increased energy.

"Now, my dear husband," said the lady of the house, "I have ordered the prettiest white muslins imaginable for the girls, and you know the Pembroke and Hanbury are going, and then our friend here is returning soon to America, and we ought to show him the Derby."

This last attack was immense. The loving paternal took another glass of his favorite port out of the decanter, and after smacking his lips, his face gradually illumined itself with a smile, and when he raised his eyes it was to remark, "We will go to the Derby." So it was all arranged. I had to bet a box of gloves of the Paris pattern, and so I chose Umpire against the field. One young lady chose the Wizard; the other, who was a great admirer of Palmerston, chose Mainstone; while the governor, cool and excellent in judgment, offered to bet us a dozen of port that Thormanby would win. Well, all that was talked of for the next three weeks was the Derby, and every one alluded to it good-naturedly. The betting was heavy. Lord James and Colonel Jones of her Majesty's Seventeenth Foot made their bets, and so did every shopkeeper on Regent street and every Hansom driver on the Strand.

The night before the race we drove out to the friendly mansion where we had spent so many happy days while sojourning in England, and early in the morning we were out on the lawn betimes. "Fine day for the Derby," said the gardener, resting his foot for a moment on his spade. We thought so: the slight fog of the morning was passing away, and the dewdrops on the leaves were fast evaporating. We knew it would be a fine day; nature was too good to spoil the sport of half a million. Time progressed, breakfast was partaken of, and then the carriage stood at the door; the hampers of wicker, crammed with cold chickens, ham, wine and every condiment for the hunger were all safely stowed away, and finally the pretty maids of the Lodge, redolent in their white muslins and blue rosettes, appeared at the door. We were soon all right; shawls, crinolines and dresses were arranged, and off the horses dashed for Epsom. But we soon struck the road, the broad road over which all carriages had to travel, and we were off to the Derby.

#### Going to the Derby—Scenes on the Road.

Glorious holiday for Old England, creditors forget they are owed, and debtors they owe. The milkman, in his haste to finish up his morning's custom, dashes frantically down the Strand or Piccadilly, every minute seems an hour to him that detains him from the Derby. Why, even the little rascals that turn somersaults in the mud at Trafalgar Square, for a few pence, now make their appearance with a clean apron and a waving blue ribbon in a bran new shilling straw hat; there they go, eight of them in that tandem donkey cart. Then how neatly the dapper clerks and counter-jumpers have got themselves up. See those four gentlemen in a cab, price £4; that comfortable looking hamper behind is suggestive of a jolly lunch on the Downs. But here comes a dasher, a regular "slap-up affair," four beautiful grays, with their tails cut straight in English style; they draw an open carriage, and that gentleman who handles the reins is one of the crack whips of London. On they come—what a rush, vehicles of every imaginable description; in fact, everything that possesses wheels, four in hand, pony phaetons, dog carts, drays, blys, cabs, hansom, furniture wagons, fishmongers' carts, all ornamented and adorned, and conveying a crowd who all seem actuated by one motive. How their merry laugh is suggestive of their buoyancy of spirits; then the songs that have remained unsung for a year are joined in with a hearty chorus. Never mind the dust, never mind if that wheel did slightly rub or grate your carriage; never mind if that crowd of horsemen, with paleots and veils on their heads did try to make the dust thicker; never mind if that horrid-looking quadruped, which his owner proudly dignifies as an 'oss, did pass your smooth, sleek, silky-looking bays; don't swear at the man; no, no, press on as best you can, join in the Carnival and shout as loud as your and companions of the Derby. Hear how the merry fellows about their favorites. "Mainstone," cries one, "hurrah for Old Pam!" "Northorne," cries another, "that's yer 'oss, sich a 'ed and should-ers." "Thormanby," utters a grave gentleman, passing by on his best piece of horseflesh. "Wizard," cry a dozen, "he'll win." "Umpire," we shouted, "the son of Lecompte." (See page 53.)

Ah, it was a merry ride by the green fields of England and through the beautiful garden-like scenery around us, a ride not easily to be forgotten.

Nearer we approach the Epsom Course; what a mass of humanity seems congregated together—it looks as though the earth was covered with black ink—but we are there, and now the solemn black is relieved by the light colors of thousands of England's fairest women, who lend a charm and gaiety to the crowd. We have all arranged ourselves in the carriage—our determined efforts to fix cushions and seats to stand on were successful.

#### The Great Race—Defeat of Umpire.

Now comes the excitement. Besides the merry lookers-on, the half million of people who are here assembled simply because it is the fashion, and because of the fun, there are thousands who have a weighty interest in the success or defeat of a favorite horse; the stakes alone amount to \$30,000, that makes it a great lottery prize, but who can tell of the millions bet and hanging in the balance? Not an American in London or England but had backed Umpire; they had come from Paris by dozens, they had bent their steps from Italy, the Alps, the Rhine, all interested in the honor of the American colors.

Ten Broeck I saw two nights since leave Long's Hotel in a carriage and four for Epsom. He bore himself as though confident of success. Ah, thought I, if we could only win the blue ribbon of the turf, I would present Greeley with a new hat. Here they come thirty of them mounted by their jockeys, dressed in all the various colors of the rainbow, and it is by these colors we are able to distinguish the horses. They are off—now is the excitement—there they go, all together—a perfect jam—as yet there is no knowing who is first. Now the blue and drab is slightly ahead, but the scarlet crowds him close. Again they change; other horses press on; their riders ply the lash; they plunge the spur into their already bloody sides; quicker they bend; every eye is on them. Now the blue cap and scarlet sleeves, the colors of Wizard, are ahead, a neck and head, but horror rushes close—on they go; what is that multitudinous about? They are coming in—faster, faster—they almost fly; their feet seem hardly to touch the ground; their heads are in a line with their backs, and they are pushed forward as though one flesh would win the race. Ah, there is the black cap and yellow jacket; it passes like lightning the stand, and Thormanby wears the laurels of the Derby. (See pages 56 and 57.)

The disappointment of the Americans is very great, and they will make a close examination into the causes which led to the defeat of Umpire. Mr. Ten Broeck did not lose; it is supposed he won \$50,000 by hedging bets.

Of the scenes which occur after the Derby I have nothing to say; it is one grand rush for home—a frightful jam. In the evening London seems a bedlam; the gardens and places of amusement are

bacchanalian and terpsichorean sway the scene; and here we close, and bid farewell to Percy Cross, the Derby and England.

AUGUSTUS.

England has kept her ribbon gay,  
To deck old Melbourne's son;  
John Osborne's rush has saved the day,  
And Thormanby has won!

P. S.—In my last letter I gave you a description of a visit to Tattersall's. Borghaus has sketched an admirable drawing of the courtyard where the horses are sold, and which may be considered the equine mart of Europe. I cannot fail to remember the numerous visits which I paid to them, nor the continued hospitalities constantly extended to me at their princely table. The living representatives of the Tattersall family continue to maintain the high-toned reputation of their predecessors. The wealth which, by an honorable attention to business, they have accumulated is expended in the maintenance of a liberal establishment, and around the hospitable table may be found the choice spirits of the age, artists, authors, musicians, members of Parliament and a large proportion of the best blood in England.

#### THORMANBY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

This horse, which has made itself famous by carrying off a prize which every American fondly hoped to be the gerdon of Umpire, is a chestnut colt, by Windham or Melbourne, out of Alice Hawthorn. He has won nine out of fourteen races, and has a great reputation in every sporting circle.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO JACK MACDONALD, HEENAN'S TRAINER.

We present this week an engraving of the handsome testimonial presented to Jack Macdonald, the trainer of Heenan, by Messrs. Phelan and Bryant. We described it in No. 236. It was designed and manufactured by Tiffany & Co., New York.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.—NOTICE.—CHANGE IN TIME OF COMMENCING DURING THE REST OF THE SEASON.**  
Doors open at 7½; to commence at 8 o'clock.  
UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS.  
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT  
TILL FURTHER NOTICE.  
The New and Original Comic Drama called  
THE OVERLAND ROUTE,  
BY TOM TAYLOR.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.**  
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.  
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, on Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.  
Admission to every thing, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents; and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

**444 BROADWAY—MAGIC TEMPLE.—EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.**  
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS AT 2½ O'CLOCK.  
The astounding wonders of  
PROF. JACOBS.  
THE WIZARD, VENTRILOQUIST AND IMPROVISATORE,  
And the comic drolleries of the  
GOBLIN SPRIGHTLY,  
Continue to attract highly fashionable and  
CROWDED AUDIENCES.  
Admission, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

#### TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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One do.	1 year	\$3
Two do.	1 year	\$5
Or One Copy	2 years	\$8
Three Copies	1 year	\$6
Five do.	1 year	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

#### Foreign News.

The latest news leaves the Sicilian insurrection still undecided, although rapidly progressing in favor of Garibaldi, who was reported to have entered Palermo at the head of 9,000 men. He had issued a proclamation as Dictator of Sicily, and calling every Sicilian to arms. The denial to the rumored success of the insurrection made by the Neapolitan Government were very faint and contradictory, and even in Vienna the common belief was that Sicily was lost to the Bourbons. This will not alone be important in itself, but also lead to great complications in European politics, since the overthrow of the Bourbons in Sicily would probably lead to the same result in Italy. This would compel Louis Napoleon either to consent to the annexation of Sicily and Naples to Sardinia, or else afford him the opportunity of placing a Murat upon the vacant throne. This would at once lead to serious complications between England and the Italian people on the one hand, and France on the other.

Among the rumors of the day was a report that the Emperor of Russia would very soon pay a visit to Louis Napoleon. This, in conjunction with one to the effect that the French Ambassador had made a very strong remonstrance to the Sultan on the manner in which the Turkish authorities were treating the Christians, had led to the instinctive dread that the last days of the sick man were at hand. Every lover of progress must rejoice at the termination of that nuisance, European Turkey.

The common impression in England was that the Reform Bill would be abandoned by the Ministers, who would accept, with suppressed satisfaction, the refusal of the Lords to repeal the paper tax.

Lamortiere was much disgusted at the powerlessness of his position, for, between Cardinal Antonelli and the French Ambassador at Rome, he was unable to carry out any of his plans.

The King of Naples had applied to both Spain and Austria for assistance, but it had been refused by both these Powers. The condition of the young tyrant was very precarious.

The Great Eastern was advertised to sail on the 9th of June, but it was not expected she would get away from Southampton till the 14th.

#### Legal Outrages.

The daily papers of the 7th June record another of those infamous outrages upon human rights, which plainly demonstrate that no one, however virtuous, can be sure of personal liberty from hour to hour, without they possess the facility of getting immediate bail to any amount. In other words, that every poor man, woman or child lives at the mercy of the ruffian or the rogue, and at the hazard of seeing any of those numerous events which make up the daily sum of New York life, for to be near a murder when it happens is almost as disastrous to the witness as to the criminal.

The case to which we allude is that of the housemaid at a restaurant in Broadway, who was criminally assaulted by a ruffian waiter in the same establishment. The man was arrested and required to give bail for \$500, which, no doubt, he will easily accomplish, while the victim of his villainous outrage was committed to prison—that is, to the House of Detention, in White street, because, being a poor, friendless Irish girl, she had no responsible person to become her security for \$300. Now, although we do not wish to put this matter on the mere selfish

principle, that the same legal outrage upon personal liberty may happen at any time to any of our readers, yet we ask if the Father of Evil himself, nay, even a Toombs shyster or one of those sensational criminal lawyers to whom we have alluded in another article, could have invented anything more fiendish and more calculated to discourage the injured and the weak from punishing the ruffians who prey upon our community, than a system which inflicts upon the victim, for an indefinite period, the same penalty as that incurred by the criminal. Indeed, in three cases out of four the witness is worse off than the felon, since the ruffian has generally kindred friends among his own class, while the complainant is generally poor and without any friends, excepting those who are as poor and defenceless as herself.

We well know the stereotyped apology our criminal lawyers will make for this infamous system—"the imprisonment of witnesses is a precaution taken by Justice to prevent them from being tampered with, and from compounding of felonies"—but when it is remembered that these criminals can easily find lawyers so degraded as to devote their utmost acumen to postpone trials on the most frivolous pretexts, and Judges so weak, ignorant and corrupt as to assist them in their nefarious plots, the operation of the law, as it now stands, is to deter from prosecution altogether, and, consequently, to give the ruffian a license to outrage at every opportunity. What we want is a court for the summary execution of justice, and that court we must have. Every day's delay in the investigation of a charge damages the cause of truth. Who will now have the audacity to deny that Macdonald, the murderer of Miss Stewart, could have been tried and executed in a week, and a solemn warning thus given to the class to which he belonged? Instead of that, he was suffered to riot in prison in the enjoyment of every sensuality, while the unlucky witnesses of his crime were kept closely confined in jail on prison fare. It would seem as though indignant Heaven at last took the matter out of the hands of our New York authorities, and sent some human raven with poison, so that the criminal might execute vengeance on himself and release his victims!

With regard to the poor Irish girl now in prison because she has no friends, we recommend her case to that influential party whose power depends upon flattery the "sweet Irish brogue." Have the countrymen of Wellington, Palmerston, Moore and Meagher sufficient gallantry to rescue one of their own race and nation from undeserved and indefinite captivity? We shall see.

#### Return of our Special Correspondent and Artist from England.

The return of our special envoys from England has called forth very complimentary remarks from our contemporaries of the press. We copy the following from the New York Morning Express:

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE IN EUROPE.—Among the arrivals by the Vanderbilt we notice that of Dr. Augustus Rawlings, the Special Correspondent of Frank Leslie, and bearer of dispatches from London and Paris. It will be remembered that this gentleman published and sold one hundred thousand copies of Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper in London. His last triumph was bringing the news of the Derby, an account of which we published. Dr. Rawlings chartered an engine for himself and Albert Borghaus, the artist. The Derby was run at three P. M. The Vanderbilt waited two hours for them, and they travelled one hundred and fifty miles in two hours and thirty-seven minutes.

The foregoing states fairly some of the successes which our active correspondent, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, has achieved. When we sent him in company with our special artist to England we had counted the cost, and were prepared to meet the vast outlay necessary to accomplish the many and important enterprises entrusted to his management. The great success, the immense circulation of our Illustrated Newspaper warranted us spending over ten thousand dollars in securing for our readers authentic sketches and the earliest information of the important public events then about transpiring in England.

All this we achieved. The history of our account of the Fight is familiar to all our readers, but we will briefly recapitulate the facts. Our correspondent and artist attended the fight—sketches were taken—the great double-page block drawn and engraved—the account written by George Wilkes, Esq.—the matter set up and, together with engraving, electrotyped—100,000 copies printed off for sale in London—an edition printed for America and shipped, with the electrotypes, per steamship Vanderbilt for New York, in thirty-six hours after the battle in the ring. Our London Extra was for sale in the streets of New York almost before the Vanderbilt was fastened to her dock, and the stereotyped plates received by her were on our fast presses within an hour, sending forth thousands of copies per hour, to supply the enormous demand for our illustrated news of the Fight.

Of that Extra and our regular paper, which appeared twenty-four hours after, together with our splendid Pictorial, published at the same time, we sold the enormous number of

#### Three Hundred and Forty-seven Thousand Copies!

The largest sale by all odds on record.

We do not wish to seem to boast of our energy or enterprise, but we cannot but be proud of the resources which we have created to our hand. The account of the result of the great Derby Race, on which such vast sums, amounting to millions, were staked both here and in England, was brought exclusively by our Correspondent. The race took place at three P. M. on the 23d of May; our Artist took sketches on the spot, and immediately started with our Special Correspondent for the Southampton Railway, where an engine chartered for the purpose was waiting them with the steam up. Upon this they started, and did the distance, one hundred and fifty miles, in two hours and thirty-seven minutes, reaching the Vanderbilt, which was waiting, and immediately started for New York.

The result of this enterprise will be seen in our pages to-day. Our enterprise has succeeded in every point, and we have proved our desire to deserve that triumphant success which our vastly increased circulation and subscription list give evidence of. Many important arrangements have been effected in Europe, calculated to give increased brilliancy to our Illustrated Newspaper, which will be announced in due time. The result in part of the labors of our Special Correspondent and Artist in England have been laid before our readers, and their verdict is that they have done well, in which verdict we cordially agree.



## Sensation Lawyers and Condemned Criminals.

THE confession of Hicks, the pirate, and the circumstantial completeness of the evidence against Jacob Harden, the wife poisoner, can leave no doubt in any rational mind that seldom have men more fully deserved the vengeance of the law.

In addition to the triple murders of the oyster sloop, this man Hicks is now recognized as the chief actor in even a more appalling tragedy.

As our readers will perceive from another column, this man's whole life has been one consistent career of villainy, and that his very presence on earth is a personal danger to the community; and yet, in the face of all this, we notice that two respectable members of our bar are actually endeavoring to procure him another chance to murder his fellow-men, by getting him a new trial, on the pettifoggery technicality that Judge Smalley was not legally empowered to try him.

We consider such conduct on the part of lawyers as almost amounting to complicity in the crime. When there is the faintest doubt of a man's guilt, let the law interpose every delay that chicanery can devise to postpone the execution of a sentence which is irremediable and may be unmerited. This alone can justify the efforts made by the counsel of notorious criminals to lengthen out the agony of public attention. It may even partially excuse the avowed object these criminal lawyers have in these infamous experiments on public patience, which is securing the reputation of being able to snatch enormous villains from the hands of justice. In other words, to indirectly encourage crime by granting immunity to its votaries and making law herself participate *criminally*.

These criminal lawyers should remember that they, as men, owe a duty to society as well as to the criminal, and that they are, to a certain degree, sworn to carry out the law, which never contemplates the escape of a criminal and the peril of the community. A lawyer who studies law merely to see how far he can defeat its object, is like a physician who devotes his whole attention to the poisons of chemistry and not its healing herbs. So long as our Courts permit the public welfare to be trifled with by these Sensation Criminal Lawyers, so long will the rowdy triumph, and the peaceable citizen walk about in daily dread of murder.

## EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Judge Smalley deserves the applause of the community for his postponing his holidays till he has disposed of some of those long-standing cases where both criminals and witnesses are in jail awaiting the trial. Not even in Naples is there a greater disregard for personal rights than in this famous city of New York.

The Establishment at Weehawken kept by Dave Pollock ought to be lectured by the authorities. On Monday, the 4th June, a number of rowdies went to his hotel to see a match played. A dispute arose between the ruffians, revolvers were drawn, and in the melee six of them were badly wounded and many others seriously bruised. Ex-Governor Rodman Price, of New Jersey, owes it to his own position to have this matter inquired into. In our last paper we had to record the murder of Mr. Copper by some rowdies who had been feasting at the same tavern.

Another Cargo of Negroes has been taken into Key West. Is there no Southern member honest and brave enough to move that they be educated and apprenticed to some Western or Southern farmers in Free States? There is reason for a few on the *Tribune* and *Evening Post*. Parson Beecher would, we are sure, be glad to receive a few into his church. We protest against the waste of money to send them back into heathenism and slavery again.

A Daily Paper, the organ of Mr. Buchanan in New York, disfigures a most admirable article on the absurdity of sending back the captured negroes to heathen darkness, by the following insulting remark: "With far less inhumanity might Congress undertake to send back the Germans or Irish who are landed on our shores." We are surprised our contemporary should have placed our adopted citizens in such company. Republicans could not have done worse.

The Burch Divorce Case, which we have already noticed several times within the last year, is now the engrossing subject of law and conversation in Chicago. We question if human nature ever cut a sadder figure than it does in the person of Mr. Burch. The feeling against him in Chicago is very strong, and deservedly so. There is no doubt, however, but that it will drive him out of society. Truly fortunate is it that his injured wife has found so strong a defender in her uncle, Erasmus Corning. We trust the law is strong enough to punish the man who torments a woman into signing an imaginary confession, blasting her own reputation and that of her innocent friends.

Postmaster Holt, in explaining the defalcation of Fowler, makes the following astounding revelations: First, that his accounts had never been legally settled during the entire term of the present Administration, but it had allowed him to pay off the previous quarter's balance with the proceeds of the next. It is, therefore, clear, that, without the Government was hopelessly stupid, the fact of a defalcation must have been self-evident for years. Mr. Holt deserves credit, not for finding it out, for to avoid that was impossible, but for refusing to conceal it, as his predecessors had done. Honest Holt has, however, committed political Hari-Kari by this act, for no sane clique of patriots will ever think of putting such a man in power again. They have tried him once, and he has been found wanting in the first requirement of a party man—namely, shutting his eyes to official rascality!

We Americans certainly make fools of ourselves by running everything into the ground. If the absurdity would rest buried there we should be consoled, but the burial of one folly leads to its glorious resurrection in some other shape. Just fancy a parcel of grown-up men forming themselves into a "Rail-Splitter's Battalion," in honor of the present illiterate "Uncle Abe." Let us recommend that they wear the Lincoln green uniform—for such verdant boys should have a corresponding color.

A Very Worthy but narrow-minded man, named Daniel Fanshaw, died some time ago. He has left a large legacy to one of his sons, on condition that he abstain from the use of tobacco in every form; if he is caught using it, the estate is to be taken from him, and sold for the purpose of building an asylum for lunatic printers! We think the man who made so absurd a will should have lived to enjoy its benefit. The *Express*, however, makes the following sage remark upon the crazy bequest:

This we regard as genuine practical benevolence. If anything can be done to stop tobacco chewing by this way, we could almost say the sooner more good people like Mr. Fanshaw die the better. There are some kindred abnormalities, the abatement of which might be encompassed in the same way. Run drinking, profane swearing and raising omnibus windows old rights ought to be eternally put under the ban, as well as the weed—yet, perhaps, it is well not to be in too great hurry in cases of this kind. Only get rid of the tobacco, and we are content.

The idea of killing an excellent Christian to discourage the use of tobacco is only buzzing by the man who threw a poker at a pane of glass to stop the buzzing of a fly! Good printers are not so plentiful that we can afford to kill them, even to please our friend Brooks.

## PERSONAL.

AFTER a tour of eight weeks in England and Ireland, Messrs. and Messrs. have arranged to make one in the United States. They will give sparring exhibitions and divide the profits.

It is said that the President cannot invite the Prince of Wales till he has official notice of his coming, whether he comes as his apparent to the British Crown or travels incognito as Baron Bunsen.

The gallant Commodore Tatnell, who said that "blood is thicker than water," is staying at the Astor House.

Mr. EDWARD SEYMOUR has withdrawn his name positively from the Presidential race course.

CAPTAIN PALMER, of the Hudson Bay Company Territorial Surveying Department, called in the *Foran* for England on the 6th.

STEPHEN MASEY is busily engaged as amanuensis to Albert Hicks, who is to be shortly published for the benefit of the unhappy wretch's widow. With the Saladin murders and those of the E. A. Johnson, there is plenty of blood for even a romance by Reynolds or Alasworth.

The *Foran* carried with her two hundred and forty first-class passengers.

C. B. BURKHARDT, the well-known critic and good fellow, pays a visit to his native Germany next month.

The wife of Dr. Hart, of Brooklyn, was run over by a drunken hack driver last week. She is much injured, but not fatally.

MACDONELL, the western sculptor, was married on the 3d to Miss Garratt. They are both deaf and dumb.

Dr. HOLMES lectured before the Massachusetts Medical Society last Wednesday. In the course of it he declared that the doctors caused all the sickness by trying to cure it. He went such lengths against the medical professors that it was discussed whether the lecture should be published. It was finally agreed to do so, but to put a strong protest and disclaimer of the doctrines on the title page.

CAPTAIN SCOTT and his "fair, fat and forty" bride, formerly Madame Bodico, sailed for England in the *Perla*. He looked very happy, and she looked very lively.

HON. SAMUEL D. INGHAM, formerly Secretary of the Treasury under General Jackson, died at Trenton, on Tuesday, the 5th, in his 81st year. He came of a good old English Quaker stock. Few men have lived a quieter, more useful and more blameless life. He is honestly entitled to this almost impossible praise—he was ever an honest official.

The charges so maliciously brought against General Ward Burnett have been thoroughly rebutted.

A TRIANGULAR FOWLER duel is going on between Holt, Dr. Tate, the sixth Auditor, and Mr. Zewley, Third Assistant Postmaster General. Each lays the blame on the other.

The widow of Rufus Dawes, the poet, died in Washington on the 31st May.

Mr. APPLINGTON has been succeeded as Assistant Secretary of State by Mr. Prescott, of South Carolina.

KENDALL, the famous bugler, is at the point of death.

ANOTHER diamond wedding has taken place at Livingston Manor. Mr. Lerow, a gay bachelor of seventy-seven, married Miss McLeland, aged eighteen. Price paid for the fair lady \$100,000, in the form of a settlement.

The library of Baron Humboldt is to be sold.

Mr. WILKINSON, formerly the proprietor of the Caledonia Springs, and the builder of Union Suspension Bridge across the Ottawa, died in the General Hospital, Toronto, on the 2d. Few men were better known in Upper Canada. He was also very popular with our own citizens.

Mr. FLOWERS, the British Consul in Abyssinia, has died from the effects of wounds received by him at the hands of one of the rebels, who are in arms against their lawful sovereign, Theodore. It is said the French are the instigators of the revolt on.

Mr. FOX, the vituperate Police Inspector, repudiates the highly-flavored explosives uttered by him on his famous attack on the Puggists. *The Tribune* reiterates the charge.

The immediate cause of Albert Smith's sudden death was bronchitis. He leaves a young widow and about half a million of dollars.

TRADESMEN HAVE offered two premiums for the two best essays on the right of Congress to imprison a witness and compel them to answer every question that may be put them.

JUDGE DOUGLAS is suffering from a throat disease. He has also lately suffered the affliction of losing one of his children.

## Washington Correspondence.

JUNE 7.

The Japanese have been "going round" on their own account and exploring the ways of the place. A group of the leading officers; generally attended by a lad of about fourteen years old, who has ingratiated himself into their good graces, and is becoming quite familiar with their language, are especially noticeable for their curiosity. They are getting to be free in their manner. The reserve has fallen off, or probably it has been rubbed off by mixing with our people. Some of them may now be seen (just like one of ourselves) sitting at a marble-topped table in the saloon at Willard's, sucking a julep with as polite gusto as any youth belonging to a first family of Virginia. Several can make themselves understood, having evidently studied to pick up as many English words as would relieve them from the stupidity of being mere foreign machines. They have an eye to the beautiful in nature as well as the strange and practical in art, and are persistent in satisfying their desires. I have a pleasant instance of this.

One of the coziest and most charming residences in or about Washington belongs, I am happy to say, to a member of the press, E. Kingman, Esq., known for so many years to statesmen and politicians by his sentences bits of information and advice under the signature of "Jon." Shut off from the main road, the irregular gables of his cottage and house rise from a perfect tangle of trees, shrubbery and vines. They look tempting and picturesque. The place and its surroundings, in and out of doors, have been happily grouped in Seaton Donohoe's new volume of "Ivywall," in the shape of a sonnet to its owner, E. Kingman.

"Ever will I remember with delight  
Strawberry Knoll; not for the berries red,  
As, ere my time, the vines were out of bed,  
And gone; but many a day and many a night  
Have given me argument to love it well,  
Whether in Summer, when its perfumed shade,  
Whether by moonlight's magic wand arrayed—  
Or when in Winter's lap the rose-leaves fall.  
For pleasant faces ever there were found,  
For genial welcome ever met me there,  
And thou, my friend, when thought was smiling round,  
Maidest me calm look, reflecting time, more fair.  
Those who have known thee as a statesman, know  
Thy noonday; I have felt thy great heart's sunset glow."

No wonder that the cosy mystery of Strawberry Knoll set the curiosity of the Japanese agog, as they were promenading on the outskirts of the city. They could not pass it without solving it. Entering the gate to catch the tempting fragrance of luxuriant roses and gain a nearer view of the half-hidden cottage, they were greeted by loud salutations from a diminutive black terrier, who evidently felt some extraordinary responsibility at this invasion of a strange people. The "Japs," however, were not discouraged. Reaching the vestibule they encountered the lady of the house, and instantly prostrated themselves in graceful oblation. With more eagerness than usual, they accepted an invitation to enter, and soon found sufficient entertainment in the library, and in the examination of the many strange weapons and curiosities which have found their way into it from all corners of the world. Many articles from Japan (brought on the first expedition) they recognized with national pride and emotion. Some pictures also interested them—especially, a Winter Scene in France. Being asked if they had snow, one of them quickly replied, "Yah, in cold wonder." One of them stood to examine the straw matting, and drew the attention of one of his comrades to it. A set of chessmen attracted their attention, and comparing them with the board the chief spokesman said, "We, nine," signifying at the same time that they played on nine squares instead of eight. They manifested keen disgust when any insinuation of their identity with the Chinese was made. A canoe, with a Chinese head, was presented, with the query, "Is this Japan?" "No, no, Choochoo, Choochoo no goot." Pointing to the protruding lips, they exclaimed, "Yah, goot—up to Japan." Refreshments were freely partaken of by them, after which the lady wrapped up a small piece of cake in a kind of cloth paper, and put it in one of their ample pockets. Two of them asked for papers and ink their pipes, when some little discussion seemed to ensue regarding the propriety of smoking before ladies; the result of which was that one went to his door and another to the window, and sent their whiffs into the open air. They individually presented cards to all the ladies, and when bouquets were given them, each eyed his companion, as if to satisfy himself there was no partiality shown.

As they were about to take leave, the (apparently) eldest turned with unmistakable signs and gestures, and asked Mrs. Kingman if the series of little outcages which compose the mansion were all one, and if the surrounding place belonged to it. The lady bowed, and pointing to a flag-bast of "Jon," indicated that it represented the owner. A profound veneration followed on the part of the Japs, who, after peering through some of the lofty towers, doubted their last but not departed, with a bow at the gate. The visit was exceedingly interesting, and seems to indicate some of the habits and manners of these curious people.

You have heard of the blind negro boy Tom, whose wonderful musical faculty has been the theme of much comment in the Southern papers. He is here now, and is really a most remarkable specimen. He is very ugly, and is lame, and is as it were a bundle of nerves, and has a single power over him, arising from his sense of touch. He is only ten years old, and has had no musical education, save from nature and his ear. The story of his life is a tale: He belonged to a Georgia planter, the ladies in whose family were skilled in music. One day a waterman was taken to teach him, and the family were started one day at hearing some one playing with remarkable correctness and brilliancy. On going into the parlor the blind child Tom was discovered at the piano, playing a piece of music he had heard his young mistress play. The marvel was that he had never touched a piano before. This story seems a little tough; but after seeing the strange creature, I should not marvel at his truth. His playing here has attracted great delight and astonishment. His touch is strong, and his memory wonderful. A few

days ago he was taken to a private house, where two young ladies played a four-handed arrangement of the overture to "Semiramide," which he had never heard. At the close, Tom took the place of one of the young ladies, and played it correctly from beginning to end, without missing a bar, and actually correcting the lady with whom he was playing, when by an accident in turning the leaves, she played wrong. A writer in the *Stokesbury*, that Tom weeps when he is annoyed, and that his greatest delight is to be at the piano. I watched him last evening at the President's grounds listening to the marine band. It was at times painful to see the effect produced on him. According to the peculiarities of the music, he would finger in the air with a kind of elfin aspect, then he would wrap his arms round his head, lean his face on his hands, and at times look up in an ecstatic frenzy perfectly still. The precision with which he marks time to some of the music—by slapping his hands violently together—attracted much attention. He is a marvel.

We had a great flare-up in the House the other day, an honorable gentleman from Alabama having called an honorable gentleman from Massachusetts a liar and a scoundrel. This gave a keen edge to the day's proceedings, which were entirely devoted to the proprieties of improprieties. Many honorable gentlemen became excited, and towards evening the Alabama made an apology to the House. Such scenes are dignified, but being extremely expensive. A whole day and pay was wasted, besides all that might have been done in the way of business, in the ridiculous attempt to find out whether a legislator might call another legislator a scoundrel or a liar with absolute propriety. The Philadelphia *Press* suggests that "Jefferson's Manual" be burnt by the common hangman, and the "Newgate Calendar" substituted to furnish rules and regulations for the House.

The loss sustained by Mrs. Douglas in the death of her little daughter has created a widespread sympathy throughout the community. The funeral took place yesterday, and was attended by a large number of the friends of the Senator from Illinois and his bereaved wife. A brief and touching sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Maguire. The pall-bearers (all bachelors) were Senators Clagman, of North Carolina, and Anthony, of Rhode Island; Hon. Mr. Robinson, of Illinois, and R. Spofford, Esq., of the Massachusetts Legislature.

We had a great municipal contest on Monday, which resulted in the re-election of the incumbent, Colonel Berret. It was the occasion of much delight and jollification, Colonel Berret's administration having been marked by great zeal for the public peace.

## DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden is, in truth and in fact, a garden once more. If we miss the winding walks, the pretty arbors, the quaint fountains that in our youthful days made this spot a paradise, we find at least that every available space has been taken advantage of, and shrubs and flowers greet the eye at every turn. The stage, too, is thrown open during the early part of the evening to the examination of the curious, and, in conjunction with the halls and lobbies, form the finest promenade to be found in the city. As pleasing as are the adornments of his establishment, Mr. Nixon has by no means relied exclusively thereupon for success, but, in addition, has engaged a company of artists fully up to the mark required by metropolitan audiences. In fact, taken in combination, we have seldom had a company better fitted to perform burlesques than the one here assembled. The Misses Nelson are very charming young ladies, petite in form, and perhaps a shade too quiet in manner; and Mark Smith, Mr. Davidge and Mr. Davenport, such old and tried favorites, that it is unnecessary to say more than that here they are now located for the summer. With one or two new burlesques, we are convinced that the season cannot fail to prove remunerative.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—At this house was produced on Monday evening a piece entitled, "Our Japanese Embassy," called on the bills an extravaganza, but in reality simply a farce. It is from the pen of Mr. Plunkett, which is sufficient guarantee that it contains some very bad puns; and, with the exception of said puns, one or two of which are quite bad enough to be good, the farce has little to recommend it. Hastily written to catch the eye of the time, a finished production of course was not to be expected, but certainly something containing a little more vitality might have been conjured up. Poor indeed would the piece be, however, out of which Mr. Wood and Mr. Jefferson could not extract some fun, and these artists contrive to make portions of "Our Japanese Embassy" extremely amusing, and doubtless at each representation will add to the comicities thereof. Go and see "Our Japanese Embassy," by all means; for it is a very good thing to see a company of artists who are not content to give the dog days, and you cannot help enjoying a hearty laugh with Mrs. Wood and Mr. Jefferson.

Winter Garden.—The legitimate has once more obtained a foothold at a theatre at the west end. Mrs. Hayne (Julia Dean) has been offering it nightly at the Winter Garden, and the once familiar names of "Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," &c. &c. come again, long quiet novel and startling on the playbills. Mrs. Hayne is a great favorite at the south and west, and her claims have also been previously recognized in New York. She is a pleasing and ladylike artist. It would be absurd for us to enter upon any detailed criticism of her performance of the time-honored roles she has thus far personated, but should she produce any novelty, we shall, of course, accord it the prominence it deserves.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP AND NEWS.

Mr. HATCH, who lately prosecuted Lucy Plummer, a girl of eleven years, has been fortunate enough to establish his innocence of the revolting charges brought against him. The little conspirator has been sentenced to two weeks imprisonment, and to be sent to a reformatory school afterwards, for two years, to give her a moral and religious education.

The *Weekly Times* says that there would not be a public invitation from the American Government to the Prince of Wales, because it was feared that, when the necessary appropriation should have been asked for, some foolish member or Representative would have felt it to be his duty to make an insulting speech on the subject, which would have been annoying to all parties. It is expected that President Bushman will invite the Prince to visit the capital as his guest, which will perhaps be an act of courtesy to the people, in the proportion of a hundred to one, would have preferred that he should have been invited in the nation's name.

One of the inevitable consequences of the confessional has lately been developed in Italy. A priest, Gurino, curate of San Carlo, aged forty, has lately been convicted of thirty-three cases of seduction. It appears that he was in the habit of giving his penitents books of a most demoralizing tendency.

The King of Denmark has received a most humiliating rebuff. It will be remembered that he had contracted a marriage with the Countess Danneberg. Having expressed his intention of being present with that lady at the solemnity of the coronation of his neighbor, the King of Sweden and Norway, he was informed that his "left hand" Queen, the Countess, could not be received at all. His majesty of Denmark was very indignant, and would not go himself nor suffer any one of his nobles to go.

SIR CHARLES BARRY, the eminent architect, and whose chief work is the British House of Parliament, died on the 15th. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 22d. He was a native of London, and in his sixty-sixth year. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis.

We very often read of tailors who act brutally to their wives, but seldom of one who has the courage to damage himself. We were, therefore, happy to read in an English paper that a tailor had raised the ninth part of a man to the heroic pitch, by the following act of suicide:

"On Monday afternoon a most extraordinary act of self-destruction was perpetrated by Mr. William Robinson, a tailor, residing at the Earl's Terrace, St. James's. The house in which the deceased resided was his own property. He was believed to be in very good circumstances, but had recently been very strange in his manners, and had got rid of all his ledgers, his bookkeeper being the only person remaining in the house with him. During the afternoon the bookkeeper had to go out on some errand, and on her return missed the deceased. On going into the yard she saw his legs protruding upward out of the chimney. An alarm was given, and on his body being got out it was found that before committing the act he had taken off his shirt, and tied his tailor's girth round his neck, in order to 'effectually' keep his head under water. On searching the deceased's person nearly £100 in notes and gold was found secreted and carefully sewn in his trousers. No cause can be assigned for the act. How tailor-like his heroism! He could not die without his girth, and sewing up his money in his trousers! He had faith in the strength of stitching to the last. Alas! poor tailor! Bayard now is not the only great man among the Tailors!"

## THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN TROTTING.

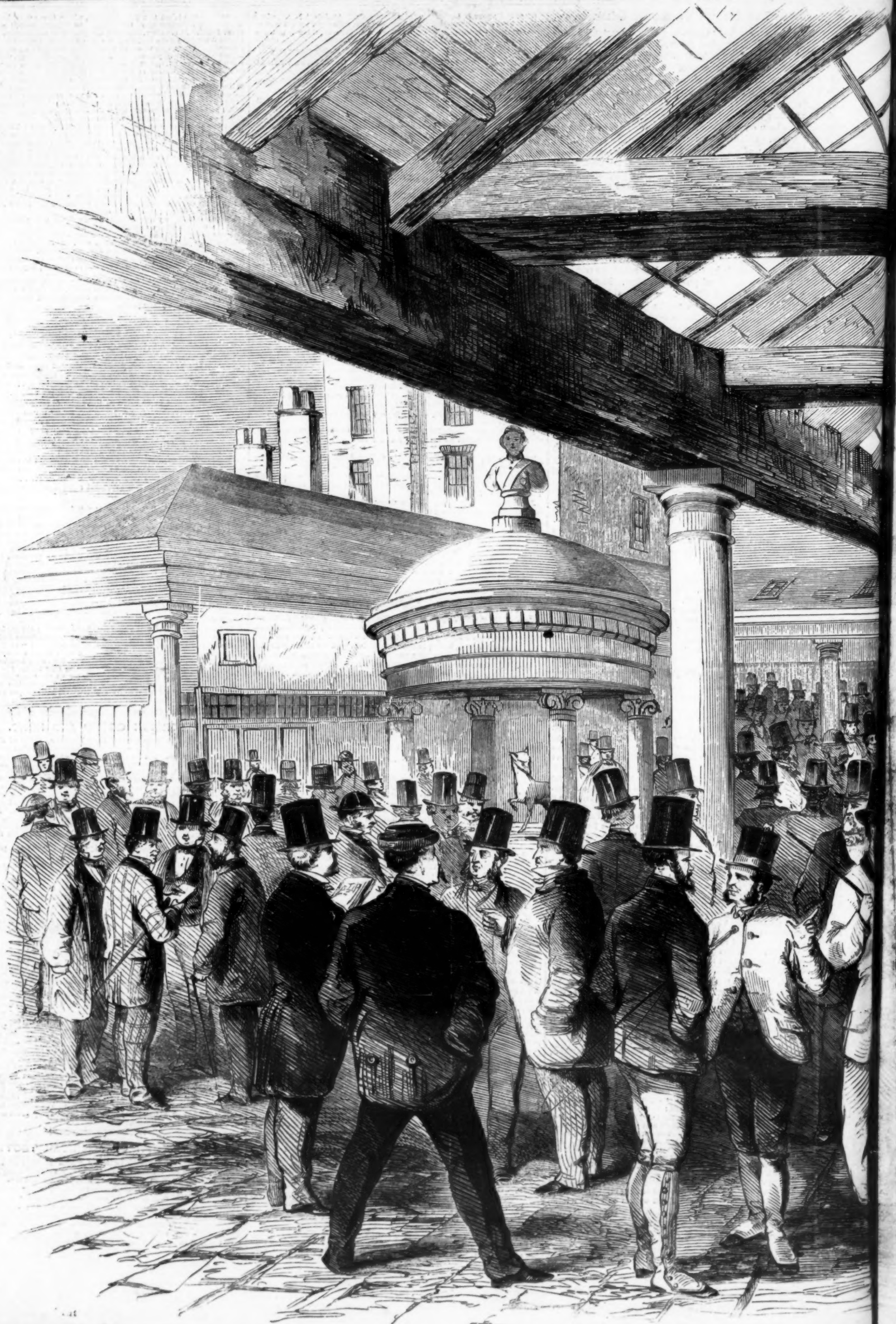
THE great trotting match between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen came off on the Union Course, on Wednesday, the 6th of June, and resulted in the fastest trotting on record. Everything conspired to render this most extraordinary affair a brilliant success. The day was fine, the company immense and wonderfully respectable. Nearly ten thousand were on the course, and the presence of about two hundred blooming flowers, in the shape of the fair sex, gave lustre to the scene. The excitement was very great, and the betting varied very much. McManis drove Flora and Taiman drove Patchen. We give the grand total:

	1st Heat.	2d Heat.	3d Heat.	4th Heat.
Flora Temple.....	1	1	1	1
George M. Patchen.....	2	2	2	2
Time of Running.....	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15
First heat.....	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15
Second heat.....	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15
Third heat.....	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15

It was for one thousand dollars, best three in five.

The same horses will trot again on Wednesday the 13th.





VIEW OF TATTERSALL'S, LONDON, THE DAY



PERSON RACES - THE DERBY DAY - ARRIVAL ON THE COURSE - "NUTS" IN THEIR FOUR-IN-HAND - COSTUME DRESSERS IN CABS - BOYS WITH LISTS OF HORSES - GRAND CRUEL - DRAWN BY T. T. NICHOLSON. LONDON. SEE PAGE 60.





FALLING STARS.

By Frances F. Broderick.

"Poon dripping wanderer of the waste,  
The night is dark and cold,  
And stormy winds, with angry din,  
Blow over hill and dale;  
My rest is but a humble shield  
Against the tempest wild,  
Nor can I offer worthier cheer  
To such a tender child!"  
"Alas!" she said, "thy cheerful fire  
Gleamed tempting from afar—  
But not for me that warmth and rest,  
I seek a fallen star," she said,  
"A bright but fallen star!"

"I sat beside our cottage door,  
The eve was calm and dim;  
And weaving chains of daisy blooms,  
I sang my vespers hymn:  
With tender kiss I softly closed  
The violet's eyes of blue,  
And fed my pale primroses well  
With tiny drops of dew.  
I saw the wan moon maiden rise,  
And mount her silver car,  
And following close, I marked on high  
A glorious falling star," she said,  
"A brilliant falling star."

"It flickered for a little space  
As 'twere a soul apart,  
Then sinking gently, left its rays  
Deep seated in my heart.  
The blossoms from my lap fell low,  
Down trodden in the dew—  
Beneath my foot the violets raised  
Their mournful eyes of blue;  
Unknown, unmarked, oh! heart of mine!  
How wild thy beatings are—  
What ails thee, thus to throb and break  
But for a falling star?" she sighed,  
"A heaven-deserting star!"

"The marsh mosses crawled and clung  
Upon my shuddering feet—  
This dainty foot, that kept aloof  
Even from the greenward sweet.  
The pierceful thorns with many a wound  
Have marked my weary track,  
Yet, oh! this rebel heart of mine  
Refuses to turn back.  
Mine ancient duties—early joys—  
Do with this frenzy war,  
Yet say, shall these sad eyes behold  
Once more that lovely star?" she cried,  
"That fair down-falling star?"

"Ah, foolish child!" the old man said,  
"The mournful lesson heed:  
The flowers of earth are better worth  
To meet thy human need.  
Earth holds our wants, and hides our woes,  
And clasps our dearest store,  
And with her tearful blooms and buds  
She strews her children o'er.  
Those calm blue heavens, in silence bent,  
Thy human searching bar,  
But show thee on their jewelled folds  
Full many a fixed star!" he said,  
"Full many a changeless star!"

"Alas!" she wept, "it gleamed so bright,  
It shone so pure and true!"  
"Methinks 'twas but the northern light,  
Or meteor's transient hue,  
Go, tend thy flowers with duteous care,  
In golden glow of noon,  
Or hush thy birds within their nest  
Beneath the silent moon.  
Yon calm blue heavens above thee arched,  
Although they seem so far,  
Hold many a vanished star," he said,  
"Hold many a long-lost star!"

EULA CLIVE;

OR,

THE OLD WHITE PARSONAGE.

BY ARA GRAY.

(Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

CHAPTER X.

It was the night of Eula's return. Lights streamed from the parsonage windows and from out the shade of the dark shrubbery. Lamps of various colors were suspended from the trees. Everything betokened some joyful event. The brilliant illuminations afforded a striking contrast to the gloomy aspect of the Hall which loomed out in the distance like a great shadow.

Do you not hear the sound of carriage wheels? I see a pair of tearful, wistful eyes, and Eula's long arms are outstretched with a glad cry toward the old white parsonage.

By the gate stands a waiting group. The long hair of the minister, now, oh, so much whiter; his form less straight; Sir Astley can scarcely keep the impatient girl within his restraining arms. But who is that by the old man's side, clinging convulsively to his arm, while with intense eagerness she gazes at the beautiful pale face in the carriage.

They are come.  
The lady shrinks back. Eula's joy-dimmed eyes only behold the minister. "Father! father! I do not weep; I am come back to you; your own Eula. Speak to me, dearest papa!"  
It was some time ere the minister spoke. Who shall tell his deep thankfulness—who repeat the eloquent prayer uttered over Eula's bowed head? I cannot.

Mrs. Whitney and Polly, too, both just as happy in their way. Words fail me here, also. I cannot describe the good dame's herculean efforts to celebrate our heroine's return, nor the energetic way in which she scolded herself for sundry little episodes between herself and Eula. All this the reader's imagination must supply.

Sir Astley has drawn the strange lady into another room.  
"Oh, sir, will she love me? Will she come and caress me as she did the good man who has been both father and mother? Quickly, quickly, let me see my child!"

The doctor's glancing eyes are bent on the agitated being before him. The deep mourning robe—the clasped hands—the swaying form—the expressions of doubt and eagerness in those eyes so like Eula's—has started a chord in his heart which has not vibrated for years with such wild and startling melody. The door opens.  
"I have told her. Control yourself, madam, I beseech you," said the minister. "She is waiting to welcome her mother."

With wonderful calmness she rose, while a look of ineffable sweetness and love stole over her features, so agonized but a moment before, and, accompanied by the old man, sought the presence of her child. But Sir Astley remains, with memories of the past mingling strangely with the dreamlike future.

What a meeting! Words, that would lose their passionate fervor were I to write them, flowed from the lips of the mother, who, by some strange fate, left the babe of her love, to see her no more until the sorrows of years had robbed cheek and brow of its beauty, and the child had become a woman. And Eula, too happy for words, reclined on that mother's bosom, gazing, again and again into the loving eyes that were drinking such deep draughts of joy from hers.

The mourning dress of her new found parent caused her to look sadly and inquiringly into the dear face.

"Yes, Eula, your father is dead."  
There was a long silence. Then, Eula, feeling warm tears on her neck, with many a loving word, endeavored to soothe the grief so

freshly awakened, telling her how for years she had fancied and hoped, dreamed and longed for such a meeting. And that night Eula slumbered sweetly on the bosom of her mother.

Nineteen years before, the Lady Evelena Clairmont was banished from her father's home and confined in a convent for refusing to marry the husband selected for her by an arbitrary parent. Some time after, he received the intelligence of his daughter's escape with a young artist, to whom she had been secretly married previous to her imprisonment. A letter, left at the convent, informed him of her flight, and assured him that pursuit would be useless. The proud and infuriated earl immediately disowned his unfortunate child, sternly forbidding even her name to be spoken in his presence. "Were I to see her dying at my feet, I would spurn her from me!" were his terrible words. Two years were spent by the young couple in France, when they returned, bringing with them an infant child. The youthful wife was alarmingly fragile, and the physicians recommended a residence beneath the sunny skies of Italy. The young artist hailed the idea, for his own sake as well as that of the beautiful bride he loved so fondly, and, after much urging, induced her to leave their babe with a friend, who would, he said, for her sake, love and care for it as if it were her own.

With Mrs. Clive, the minister's wife, whom Lady Evelena had known from childhood, the tiny thing was left, only for a time as they thought. But Providence ordained otherwise.

There is little more to tell. While the young wife recovered health and a degree of strength little hoped for, the artist, who was rising rapidly in his profession, began visibly to decline. The high white brow was clammy with the touch of consumption. Yet still he worked on, while the reeking cough and wasting frame told to the agonized wife a fearful story.

One day, just as he had completed a beautiful portrait of Lady Evelena, while the paint was yet wet on the picture, his hand, in which the brush still lingered, fell listlessly down, and the frightened wife reached his side only to press a lifeless form with frantic grief to her bosom. He was dead. Consumption, indeed had claimed him, but it was unsuspected disease of the heart which had proved fatal.

A widow and alone. Sad fate, indeed, for one so young and beautiful!

When at last she recovered somewhat from the blow which had nearly deprived her of reason, she awoke to the consciousness of poverty. Letters to her father were returned unopened, till at length she resolved to write no more.

Five years after a new favorite appeared in the musical world. Courted, admired and flattered, who would have recognized in the wonderful singer the discarded daughter of Earl Riancourt?

Wearily had she striven to attain the eminence on which she now stood. Came there no thoughts of her child? Yes, but she would wait. Years had passed since she penned the last letter to her kind friends, urging them still to keep the secret of Eula's parentage. "They will make her atone for her mother's disobedience," said she—"will force her to take vows her soul may abhor!" And they did as she wished them, bringing the child up as she had before requested—in the Protestant faith.

The Earl of Riancourt was a bigoted Catholic, and there were reasons for her fears.

When the good minister read accounts of the triumphs of the celebrated singer, Madame Cellini, he little imagined that she was the object of his anxiety; for he knew not if she were living or dead.

Thus time passed, till, weary of a life which, absorbing as it was, could not rouse her from her sorrows, she resolved to seek her child, and with the affluence she now enjoyed find a home of peace and retirement.

One day her admirers were startled by the announcement that the gifted Cellini had suddenly withdrawn from the musical world.

We now behold her, happier than ever before since the death of her husband. We have joy in the parsonage to-night.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" groaned the stricken mother, as in agony of spirit she tossed the weary night away.

Can this be the proud lady of Hatton Hall? Where is that haughty look—where the fire of her eye? Gone! Quenched in the terrible fever that has wrestled with fierce burnings many an unconscious hour. Now how wan and wasted she looks.

"Paul, Paul!" the ceaseless cry. "Will he never come?"

Where are the lady's friends? Gone, with the first intimation of the infectious nature of her disease. The faithless servants fled—all but John, honest, fearless John. Bless him!

"John!" the invalid uttered faintly.

"Yes, ma'am—my dear mistress," answered the faithful fellow, who had nursed the forsaken lady with almost a woman's care.

"Did you tell him to come?"

"I did, dear lady; he will soon be here."

But it was not Paul's hand she felt on her brow which was again burning with fever, when, the next morning she asked the same question. Not his footstep that crossed the room so lightly, arranging its appointments with an eye to the sick one's comfort—not his voice that, in such soft accents, soothed and lulled her to sleep. No, she knew it was not him; and, when on awaking, she saw a sweet, fair young face bending over her with an anxious expression, she covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"Why have you come here? You—"

"Do not speak, dear Mrs. Wilden. Try to sleep," said her visitor, while John looked on with tears in his eyes.

"Miss Eula, my dear young lady, the parson told me you was coming home. Bless your dear, kind heart! But do go, dearie; now she's asleep again. You may catch the infection, and then what would Master Paul do?"

"I am not afraid, John. I was walking out early this morning, and one of the keepers told me of her illness. How cruel of them all to leave her. I could not help coming. John, will you go and tell them at home what I have done? I'm sure they will not blame me. Dear mamma, I want to see her again so much. But now I must stay, must I not?"

John looked troubled. "I know you are an angel, Miss Eula; but how shall I tell them you are here? Go home, dearie."

"No, no, stay," said the sick lady. "Do not leave me."

"I will not, I will not," said Eula, bursting into tears. "Go, John; I know mamma will understand me. Tell her I love her so much. If I go home I might make her ill."

John was greatly affected. Blessing her with choking voice he left the sick lady and fair young girl.

While he was gone, Sir Astley, who had heard of Mrs. Wilden's illness, with kindly haste entered the room.

"You here! My dear Eula, this must not be." Then glancing at the sufferer, he approached the bed, and, taking a wasted hand, seated himself by her side, while a grave, anxious look overspread his countenance.

An hour passed—two—three—and still he sat there; only moving occasionally to give the medicine he had prepared.

Not a word had she spoken since her recognition of Eula. The fever flush had died away, leaving her cheeks of ashen paleness.

Eula and the old butler were standing silently by. "Oh, Miss Eula, I can't stand this." And great sobs shook his frame. "Master Paul must soon be here. I can't tell him! I can't!"

Her tears were falling fast. "Hark, John, he's coming. Let me go and prepare him for this great trial."

She went down-stairs and stood by the hall door, her heart beating wildly, as the sound of his horse, dashing madly on, drew nearer. Oh, how inexpressibly sad their meeting. Yet, she could not help a thrill of joy as the noble beast paused, panting from his unwonted exertions.

"Paul!"

"Eula, how came you here, darling?"

"I will tell you some time, Paul. Come."

"She will live! Oh, tell me she will live, Eula."

"I will pray, Paul. Be calm, dearest."

"He is come. I know he is come! Paul, Paul, I have lived only for this!"

These were her first words. She had risen in bed when his footstep sounded at the door, and now, with outstretched arms, she sat supported by Sir Astley.

"Mother! Is it thus I find you?" And with a groan of agony he buried his face in her pillow.

There was silence for a time; then, in a voice much clearer and stronger, she spoke again.

"Lay me down, Paul."

"No, dear son, I am dying."

"No, no, mother, darling! you are better."

The doctor sighed.

"I know I am dying, Paul. Do you forgive me, my noble boy?"

Then, her senses seeming to wander a little, she said,  
"She is safe, dear Paul—quite safe. I saw her just now. They did not harm her. Paul, come back! I did not mean it. Oh, I did not mean it. He is gone."

Poor Paul! With bursting heart, he learnt from these disjointed sentences what her sufferings had been in his absence.

Eula had never witnessed a scene like this. Weeping, she kissed again and again the cold hand that was not conscious of the pressure. At length a change came over her. She seemed better for a while. Contrary to their fears, reason again resumed its empire. She looked from one to the other for some time in silence. Then, fixing her eyes on Sir Astley, she said, in a calm voice,

"Sir Astley, I know you to be a good and honest man. Tell me how long shall I live?"

With a look of pain he replied,  
"Perhaps two hours, my dear lady."

"It is well. I have much to say. Paul, I wronged you; but my pride is humbled now." Resting her hand on his shoulder, she continued: "Forgive your mother, darling. I cannot bear to leave you—but it is well. Pray with me, my son."

It was a solemn scene. The afternoon was wearing on, and the mellow sunlight streamed into the chamber of death, lighting up the pallid face of the departing one, as a smile of peace settled calmly on her lips.

While Paul's tremulous accents yet floated through the room, the old minister entered, softly, followed by a lady in deep mourning.

"Mother."

"Hush, darling," whispered the lady. When the faltering voice had ceased she drew nearer the bed, and said softly,

"Julia, do you know me?"

"You here too, old friend. Eva, you are welcome. I have mourned your loss. Are you too, a widow?"

The bowed head of her visitor alone made reply.

"Julia, my child is here also."

"Your child, Eva! I did not know you were a mother. Where is she?"

Eula went close to her side.

"Eva, Eva, you too are injured. Forgive me."

Parson Clive had told Lady Evelena all, and she had hastened with him to the bedside of Mrs. Wilden, who, long years ago, had been a warm friend of her girlhood.

"There is nothing to forgive."

"There is—there is. Will you," she asked, tremulously, "give your child to my Paul? I have made them both unhappy, and would fain make some amends. All I have is theirs."

"To no other, dear Julia, would I give my new found treasure so willingly. Would that you, too, could witness their happiness."

"I shall, but it will be from another world, Eula—bless you, darling," she murmured, as the maiden drew near. "You are all he said. And you were not afraid to stay with me, sweet one?"

"Oh, no, dear madam."

"Call me mother."

"My dear mother," murmured the blushing Eula.

"And you will love me after I am gone, for his sake?"

"I love you now, mother."

Mrs. Wilden then called the good minister to her side, and there, while the shadows began to fall, she joined the hands of her children and blessed them.

"Mr. Clive, I am ready to go now. Will you pray while my spirit is crossing the dark river?"

"Yes, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," said the minister, around whose hair, of silver whiteness, the setting sun shed a halo of glory.

A sweet smile played around her mouth. The spirit was fleeting. For a while nothing was heard but the stifled sobs of the stricken son and the lamentations of the old butler.

"Farewell, John," extending her hand.

"Good-bye, ma'am, you have been a kind mistress to me."

"God will reward you for your kindness to me," she continued, with difficulty. Then gasping for breath, she pointed to the window.

"Air," she murmured, faintly.

Her last words were of Paul. She fancied he was a little boy, and it was inexpressible touching to hear her begging him to be a good child and meet her in Heaven.

"Do not be proud, darling," she said. "Pride drives all the friends away."

"Take care of my child, Eva," she sighed, brokenly, as the shadows deepened on her brow.

A little more watching for the weeping mourners—a little more of the conflict with death—and it was all over. No, not over, for while not alone went out of that chamber the unseen angel, the spirits waiting round the couch bore another away to swell the courts of the ransomed.

CHAPTER XII.

Let us look at a paragraph in one of the morning newspapers dated a week back:

"A sad accident has deprived her Majesty's army of a brave soldier, and the world at large of a gallant and liberal gentleman. Arthur Du Ponte, heir presumptive to a baronetcy, and one of the officers in her Majesty's staff, was shooting one morning at Sydenham, and rashly endeavoring to force his way through a quickset hedge, his gun, which he had thoughtlessly left half cocked, went off, lodging the contents in his thigh. No immediate danger was apprehended, but before night lockjaw ensued, and, after lingering a short time, he expired. The circumstance is rendered still more distressing by the fact that he leaves two young and lovely sisters without a brother's protection. It is rumored that preliminaries were in the course of arrangement for the fighting of a duel between the captain and a son of the lamented Colonel Wilden, the cause being an *affaire de cœur*."

Paul showed this to Eula one day soon after his mother's death.

"Oh, Paul! I should have been so unhappy if you had fought with him! Are you not thankful you did not?"

Paul was glad; and he told her how Du Ponte on his deathbed had sent for him to tell him of her safety, and beg his forgiveness and hers.

"I had corresponded with John constantly," said he; "and you may imagine how I felt when tidings came of my mother's sickness and cowardly desertion by all her friends and the domestics."

"But not Constance," said Eula; "she surely would not do so."

"No. John wrote me that, only three days after I left the Hall, Sir Geoffrey Haughton proposed in form, and was duly informed by her that she was a wife! His disappointment may be better imagined than described. Of course there was a scene, and Constance sought the protection of her rightful lord and master."

"Did she acknowledge him as the latter?"

"I doubt it; but would you not like to see her?"

"O yes."

"Put on your bonnet, then, while I go and order the carriage."

In a few moments they were on their way to Malden.

Shall I raise the curtain and disclose to you a domestic scene of love and happiness rarely equalled?

In a small but pretty parlor are gathered the family group. First in order, of course, a lovely old lady we readily recognise as Herbert's mother; for, though we have not seen her before, the likeness is so strong that we cannot fail to observe it. Next our Constance and her happy young husband, seated together by one of the French windows of their little snugery. Then Miss, the sweetest of all fairies, Herbert thinks—excepting always Constance.

"Do look, Herbert! O, I shall go wild with joy!"

"What for?"

"Don't you see, you piece of obtuseness? Is that the way you remember your friends?"

Herbert was as unfeignedly glad as Constance at the sight of their visitors. In a moment they both rushed unceremoniously from the room—so returning, however, bringing with them Paul and Eula, who certainly bore the provoking comments of Constance on their introduction to Mrs. Merton and Miss with praiseworthy fortitude.

"You need not look so innocent out there," said she to Miss; "you know you think our example so good that you intend following it yourself shortly."

Tableau—the happy family.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE village bells are ringing their merriest peal.

The time of mourning has expired, and this is our Eula's wedding day. Not hers only, for John and Mrs. Whitney intend to utter



their vows on the same auspicious morn. And another yet. Sweet Mina Moreton will reap the reward of her patient trust and waiting. As Paul had predicted, Charles Finley was not the man to cool his love at fortune's changes. Is the reader satisfied? No, as yet Eula Clive has been our heroine's name: what is in reality hers? Follow them to the altar and you shall hear.

I positively will not describe the attire of the fair brides. Out of very perversity I shall pass over the most important part of the whole affair. The fact is, dear reader, I am anxious to bring their troubles to a conclusion, and shall tarry for no trollopian descriptions.

What a holiday dress the village has put on! All the country folks in their "go to meeting" apparel seem to be abroad to-day. At length they send up such a shout. Hurrah! They are coming. No carriages. A handsome carpet has been spread from the parsonage to the church. Little girls dressed in white strew flowers in their way, and as the young brides inhale their perfume a grateful prayer is wafted onto the Giver of all good things.

Eula had insisted that Mina should be married from the parsonage; and it was decided that the wedding should take place at the same time—Constance declaring that it was a shame her dignity as a married woman should prevent her from being a bridesmaid.

I doubt not the marriage service is familiar to all; therefore I shall only mention the part where Paul says, "I, Paul Wilden, do take thee, Eula Erelena St. Clive, to be my lawful wedded wife," &c.

So Clive was her name, after all, with a short prefix; her father having been in some way connected with the minister's family. Lady Erelena stood proudly by, watching with fond affection the truly beautiful scene. And doubtless she thought with a mother's longing of the time when the earl should at last acknowledge his long sorrowing daughter—for could he indeed behold his sweet grandchild unmoved? And the minister, when he had pronounced the nuptial benediction, claimed the old-fashioned first kiss from the bride. Was that right?

Mrs. Whitney and John were afterwards "tied," much to the amusement of Constance, who wondered what the minister had done with his heart that he could so composedly marry his house-keeper—to another.

The park that evening was the scene of the happiest festival. Hat-touville had ever known; and the young master and mistress of the Hall did not disdain to head off the simple country dance on the green.

Tableau—All's well that ends well.

THE END.

## PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our Special Correspondent in Europe.

I LEFT London for Paris. Who could leave Europe without seeing the gayest capital of the present time? Then I had a letter from Panurge, our correspondent there, who pressed me to come, and in glowing terms described all the magnificent wonders of that Napoleonic city. So I came here.

Mr. Dallas, our accomplished Minister at the Court of St. James, with the characteristic courtesy which he has exhibited towards me ever since my arrival in England, appointed me bearer of despatches. This saved me a world of trouble. My passport was hardly looked at. My luggage underwent a mere formal examination, and in a few hours after I left the station in London I found myself in a French train, speeding on from Calais to Paris.

In France? I inquired. There can be no doubt of that, for my fellow travellers were compelled to wait at least two hours before they were permitted to start. Each passport was as carefully examined as though the possessor were a conspirator, while the baggage was lightly passed over, and I must say, with much more delicacy than our Custom House officials exhibit, unless a golden eagle is poised above their palms.

Bowling along through a level country, deliciously green, with the soft mantle of Spring, and rushing by villages peculiarly quaint and French, we felt our spirits decidedly buoyant as we revelled on the grandeur and magnificence with which we were soon to gratify our eyes.

Decidedly a curious spectacle to a foreigner are the hundreds and hundreds of windmills that dot every mile of land through which he passes. I had supposed that such antiquities had entirely disappeared before the progressive improvements which steam has created, or that if such a thing as a windmill still remained, it was but an erection which the people were too lazy to pull down. But here were at least a thousand, and all evidently in full operation, their fan-like wings slowly moving round under the influence of the passing currents.

Every city and town in France seems fortified. You can always tell your approach to even an interior city by the long ranges of terraces, embankments and towers which you pass. As you approach Paris they become more extensive, and give you evidence that France intends to protect herself against another occupation. I am in Paris, seated on a chair in the café, in the courtyard of the Hotel de Louvre, reflecting, pondering and wondering over all I have seen for the past week in this city. Where to begin or what to describe is indeed puzzling to the senses. A letter would simply be a catalogue; a dozen, a second edition of Murray's Guide. Then every subject has been so executed by writers. Show me the curiosity, if such there exists, of an editor who has been abroad and has not written a book of travels. What do people care for your impressions? If I said that Rubens's beauties were awfully adipose, rubicund and Dutchy, people would tell me I was no critic. If I say that Paris is a magnificent piece of artificiality, a grand holiday show, a toy of the Emperor's to amuse his people, people would cry "Pshaw! what do you know about it?" We answer, nothing.

The wonders of Paris alone would take a year to examine, but to see Paris in ten days, as I have done, is simply like rushing along the banks of the Rhine in a railway, and then writing on its beauties. No, my dear readers, I have not the heart to bore you with sentimental reflections on the Tower or the Bastille, neither will I collect all the transcendently magnificent words in Webster to describe the gallery in the Louvre, with its mile of inestimable valuable paintings; nor Versailles, that climax of extravagant expenditure; nor the solemn scenes and sights in Notre Dame; nor Fontainebleau, the Luxembourg or St. Cloud. I shall alike pass by a description of the gaieties of the Palais Royal, the Chateau des Fleurs or the Jardin Mabille. All these are scenes to witness and objects to behold by the privileged traveller, and his impressions are his own. They are not the idle toy of to-day, they have stood the ravages of the hand of time for centuries, and they will stand many more, unless the hand of Vandalism or the madness of a mob shall despoil them of their glories.

Why, this hotel alone would take pages to describe. The magnificence of our Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan or St. Nicholas dwindles into insignificance by comparison. Thinking of a dining-room costing \$1,000,000! A grand palatial hall, solemn and yet beautiful in its embellished frescoes, the equal of which cannot be seen, even in our Capitol at Washington. I confess I was amazed at the splendor of this hotel. No king in Europe possesses a dining-hall of such magnificent proportions. Next examine the courtyard: here is a vast space of one hundred and fifty feet square and eighty feet high, covered in with glass. Around this space is the café, the concierge, or porter's room, where all bundles are received for guests. Opposite is the Bureau de Reception, where guests are received, and where they transact their business. Then there are half a dozen other bureaus; beside this, beneath two different archways, carriages have their entrance and exit. It matters not how unpleasant the weather, here you can lounge and enjoy yourself. The grand stone staircases are all decorated with shrubs, plants and flowers, which lends an airy and gardenlike appearance to the whole place.

But here is our carriage. It is Sunday afternoon; the Emperor and Empress are to drive on the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. We are soon out of the courtyard, and with my friends "Malakoff," of the Times, "Ralph Easel," of the Express, and our own "Panurge," we drive quickly by the Tuilleries and into the Champs Elysées. What a scene of gaiety meets the eye! As far as you can see there is one unbroken mass of carriages. Paris is in her beauty. Just stretch your gaze through that avenue of trees that line the passage to the Tuilleries like a solemn row of Imperial Guards. How grandly those trees strike the eye; how harmonious is the effect in that cleft arch of green, which nature and art together

have erected, not a single leaf seeming to obtrude beyond its allotted place. Now view the Place de la Concorde; look how the golden sun scatters its rainbow colors, amid those fountains and jets; how various are the shapes and forms which genius has displayed to produce effect. Then how perfect are those statues, and that wonder of ages, the Obelisk, sending its long shaft spirally toward the sky. Casting your eye once more towards the Tuilleries, behold, beneath the shade of that forest of trees, the mass of people lounging and promenading as if it were their own. It is La Belle Paris.

But our horses have hurried us along. We are in the surge, and through the intricate windings our coupé carries us safely on. We stand up and survey the moving throng for a mile and a half, till the Arc de Triomphe stops the view. That's the finest sight and greatest wonder in Paris. I could have studied it for a week. Its noble proportions, its solid strength, its architectural magnificence and sculptured beauty, place it before all other sights in Paris. The present Emperor admires it, and so he demolishes all the buildings surrounding it. He causes all the avenues of Paris to concentrate here, and in order that the view may be unobstructed the vacant space is being made into a grand circus. We have passed the Arc de Triomphe. We hear a cry of the "Prince Imperial," and soon we see a body of Chasseurs riding rapidly forward. Every carriage gives way to the cortège, and as it advances we perceive a respectful salutation on the part of the crowd. The carriage is now distinct to us, drawn by four horses with outriders. The little Prince Imperial was accompanied by his governess. He kissed his hand repeatedly to the crowd as he passed, and we raised our chapane to the heir of the Imperial Crown of France. The little prince is a beautiful boy, much smaller in stature than his picture; make him appear, but his face is large and full, glowing with health, while his great blue eyes sparkle with laughing good nature. He has the Napoleon face; the marks are unmistakable. What will be his hereafter?

Soon after the Prince passed us we met the Emperor and Empress. There was no military guard around them, and no one would have supposed but that he was perfectly unprotected were it not for the appearance of several gentlemen on horseback dressed in plain black. The Emperor drove a light phaeton. He was dressed as any ordinary citizen, and passed along almost unnoticed. Punch's caricatures would have assisted me in recognizing him if there had been no other reason, but my companions pointed him out to me long before he came near us. The prominent nose; the fishy eyes, leaden and dull; the cadaverous face, marble and inexpressive; and the peculiar and characteristic moustache were Louis Napoleon's, even as the photographs picture him. There is nothing prepossessing in his face, but rather repulsive, and therefore I turned with pleasure to survey the face of Eugenie. I had expected to see a beautiful woman. I was mistaken. Her face is of that calm, distinguished order that would at once lead you to exclaim, "That's an elegant woman." She is older than her pictures represent her. Her features are not regular enough for a beautiful woman. But she wears a sweet smile, and the sunshine of her heart seems to even light up the sullen face of the Emperor. The French people love her. I had an opportunity at the opera of scrutinizing her carefully, and my judgment remains unchanged. In dress she manifests the most exquisite taste, evidently understanding how to make art assist in displaying her natural charms. The carriage has passed, and we enter the precincts of the Bois de Boulogne. This is a fairy land. Beneath wide-spreading trees, by the side of still waters, where the excursionists are rowing and sailing over the lakes, having alighted from our carriage, we walked through lonely paths; and here, almost in the heart of Paris, we extend ourselves out full length upon the grass, and looking upwards through the thick mass of foliage spy the sun glowing, red as an orange, in the sky, and despite all the gorgeous panorama, the sumptuous scenery, the art gems adorning every gallery and square, and the ever-changing magnificence around us, we sigh for home, and ere this reaches your readers perhaps we shall be there. And that is all we have to say about Paris. If our readers want to know more let them buy Galland's Guide, price six francs. Pardonnez moi, Panurge, for writing from Paris this week.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST RIDE BEHIND A TROTTING-HORSE.

By Warsaw.

THERE is so much of an amusing character constantly taking place in this great metropolis of Indecoronsness, New York city; so many good stories told and anecdotes related, many of which are based upon actual facts, that I have thought it may not be unacceptable to the readers of *Frank Leslie* to occasionally present some of the best for their edification. The little sketch I give this week is one of those curiously humorous experiences which we sometimes hear around the social board, but nowhere else.

The subject of the story is a well-known low-comedian in this city, playing at one of our first-class theatres. He related it of himself, with an earnestness and unctuousness truly delicious; but as S—'s own language would probably be more acceptable, I give it.

He said: "I was managing in London some years ago, and was doing very finely indeed—that is, I was making money. I had heard and read a great deal about American trotters, but had never seen one. At last, when our circus riders began to visit England, they brought with them one or two of those, to me, strange animals. After a while, it was advertised that an American trotting-horse, named Rattler, would be sold at public auction, on such a day, and as I was looked upon as being largely tintured with Yankee fastness, my friends all persuaded me to purchase him. Well, I went to the sale, and there beheld, for the first time, a trotting-horse. He was shown around the circle, but I did not see anything remarkable in him, but still I was told he was a treasure. The first he was put up (for we had two heats in buying him) a most fabulous sum was offered, after a very spirited rivalry in bidding, but when the hammer fell—mind you, they didn't knock the horse down—it turned out that the purchaser could not be found. In this emergency, the auctioneer said he would put him up again, but that every gentleman bidding must give his name as an earnest. The swifter of the mawley—the auctioneer I mean—then commenced, 'How much am I bid for the American trotter?' Thinking myself entirely within bounds, I bid 'Eighty guineas.' My friend of the hammer endeavored to persuade the company out of another bid, but not one could he get; and, after keeping me in anxious suspense for some time, he was awarded to me at that price. I now began to feel a little nervous about the matter, for I began to hear all kinds of rumors of his unsoundness. So, going up to my friend, Levi North, the famous rider, I inquired of him as to the condition of the animal, and he assured me that Rattler was as sound as a dollar.

"To complete my 'set-out' I was told I should by all means have an American travelling wagon; but when I came to see the cob-web-looking vehicle I arrived suddenly at the conclusion that the whole thing was nothing more than a mantrap, and I demurred; but after repeated histories of their immense strength and durability, I was at last once more persuaded into purchasing, believing that of a rival manager. Determining, however, to put on a bold front, and test the matter in the face and eyes of those around me, I ordered the animal to be hitched up. With a nervous chuckle and a forced smile I seated myself in this—well, I'll call it a wagon. Taking the reins carefully in my left hand, in true British style, I nerved myself for a start, which I was not sure would snap my head off. Being ready, in the most gentlemanly manner possible I fairly whispered to Rattler 'Go along; but either the horse was a little deaf, or my voice was too weak, for to my surprise he never moved a foot. Calling to my mind the Yankee 'chirrup' I brought it into use, and to my great surprise, instead of darting off as I had been led to expect, the horse started on one of the most delightful dog trots. I need not say that I felt most deliciously disappointed, but I must also confess that I began to have fears that I had been most egregiously deceived. To put an end to the overhanging mortification I began to urge the beast on; and to heighten my chagrin he seemed to have no inclination to increase his pace. I even resorted to the whip, but the effect was extremely slight, and I began to have transitory glimmerings of a 'sell.' I, however, kept on, cogitating in my mind the frailty of human nature, when in a moment

Rattler pricked up his ears and started on so suddenly as to throw me out of the wagon; gathering, I looked behind and saw a wagon coming up at a pretty tall rate; I own I was a little afraid of a contest, not knowing exactly how to manage the foreigner; so I commenced to hold him in; with this manoeuvre he appeared perfectly mad, and dashed off at a rate of speed that fairly sunk my heart within me. In vain I endeavored to hold him back; the harder I pulled the faster he went; my arms began to grow tired, and my head commenced to swim; I knew not whether I was on the turnpike or going over fields, except I occasionally would catch a glimpse of wagons as they hastily turned out for me, and hear the wild shouts of those I passed crying out, 'S— is going to Belzebub sure'—and certainly I never expected anything else. I grew fainter and fainter, and my chances of delivery every moment appeared more hopeless. The animal seemed to have no idea of fatigue—on, on he flew over the ground like a whirlwind—and I became so much exhausted that I was obliged to rest my arms on my knees, and what with the tremor which had seized my nervous sensibilities and the natural terror that overpowered me, I fairly quaked with apprehension and anxiety.

"I was upon the point of giving up all hope of ever seeing my family again, when the beast, as if by instinct, observing a hostelry on the roadside, which I did not, gave a leap, and with almost the speed of lightning darted under the shed and came to a dead standstill.

"I shall never forget my feelings on this occasion. I had very seldom been pricked by my conscience to utter thanks to Deity, but that organ, if it is one, must have been nervously affected that day, for the fervency of my thanks were genuine and heartfelt.

"I was taken out of the wagon and carried to the inn, where, by some soothing nourishments, I was soon brought to; when, after a good long rest, and a determination not to ride behind a trotter again, I started for London on foot, leading Rattler all the way to the great metropolis. Arriving at the stables late at night, I left orders to sell that Yankee horse for whatever they could get, and I never saw him afterwards, nor never wish to own another trotting-horse."

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SILENT.—1. The carom at the French game, as played in Paris, counts either 1 or 2 points, according to agreement between the players. 2. The game consists of 15 points, if each carom count only one point, otherwise it consists of 30 points.

NEWTON, Conn.—Your shot has been received.

E. Dover, Del.—Distinctly and unmistakably foul.

TRUMP, Saratoga.—We announced in this column, at least half a dozen times, that we would publish no more thirteen shots. We now repeat the announcement, we hope for the last time. We want scientific shots, irrespective of the number of points made.

T. M., Williamsburg.—We have already given some particulars of the mode of playing the Russian game. By going over a file of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* you will find the item. Full particulars will be found in "Phelan's Game of Billiards."

JACK, Harlem.—No.

ANONYMOUS.—The matter is a purely personal one, and we must decline making an allusion to it. You may have no difficulty, however, in giving it publicity through other mediums.

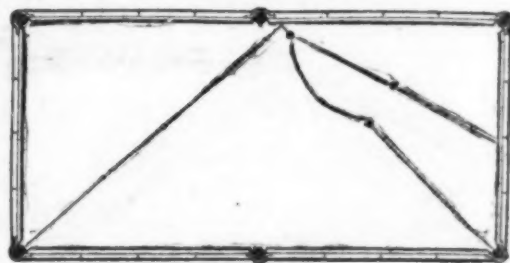
H. D., New Haven, Conn.—You are like the man who invented the lever hundreds of years after it had been recognized as a principle in mechanics. The only difference is that your invention is not only not a new one, but has been pronounced useless.

## THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

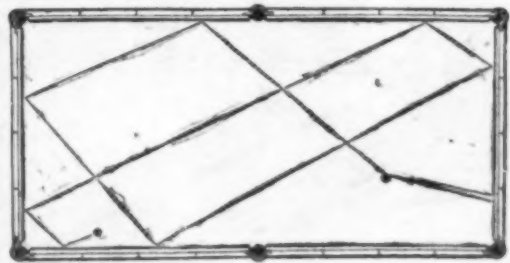
BILLIARDS DOWN EAST.—A correspondent writes us that billiards are flourishing most satisfactorily in the stirring little town of Norwich, Conn. The noble game is now the favorite pastime of the most respectable residents. Norwich boasts of one of the handsomest and best kept rooms in New England (Mr. Staples' room), with three of Phelan's tables. Our correspondent says that the billiard play facilities of the Norwicheans will soon need enlargement. Good for New England.

GOOD LUCK.—The worst misfortune that could befall a novice in the game of billiards is the conceit that he is born under particular stars, or that there is a fatalism in his destiny. It is a delusive and fatal idea. There is no such thing as luck in the aggregate arrangement of conditions either in the game of billiards or the game of life. The good and stars influencing us are in our physical, mental and moral constitution, and the good luck of the prospect may be traced to industry, intelligence, shrewdness and an enlightened practice. So, too, ill luck in billiards, as in everything else, comes from the absence of these elements. It is a libel on common sense to say that the contrast of one man from another are a mere hap-hazard result.

BILLIARDS IN THE COUNTRY.—The watering-place, fashionable springs, &c., are making extensive preparations for the amateurs of billiards among sojourners in their peaceful retreats during the summer. Nine-tenths of these sojourners will, of course, be amateurs of billiards. We hear of stops being taken to afford facilities to the ladies who, having billiard-tables in their own houses, would feel the deprivation of their favorite home amusement. This is a good move, and we hope it may be generally adopted and carried out. We understand that Mr. John Keefe, of Broadway, has opened a room, with four tables, at the favorite bathing-place, Rockaway, L. I.



NINE SHOT—By Dudley Kavanagh.



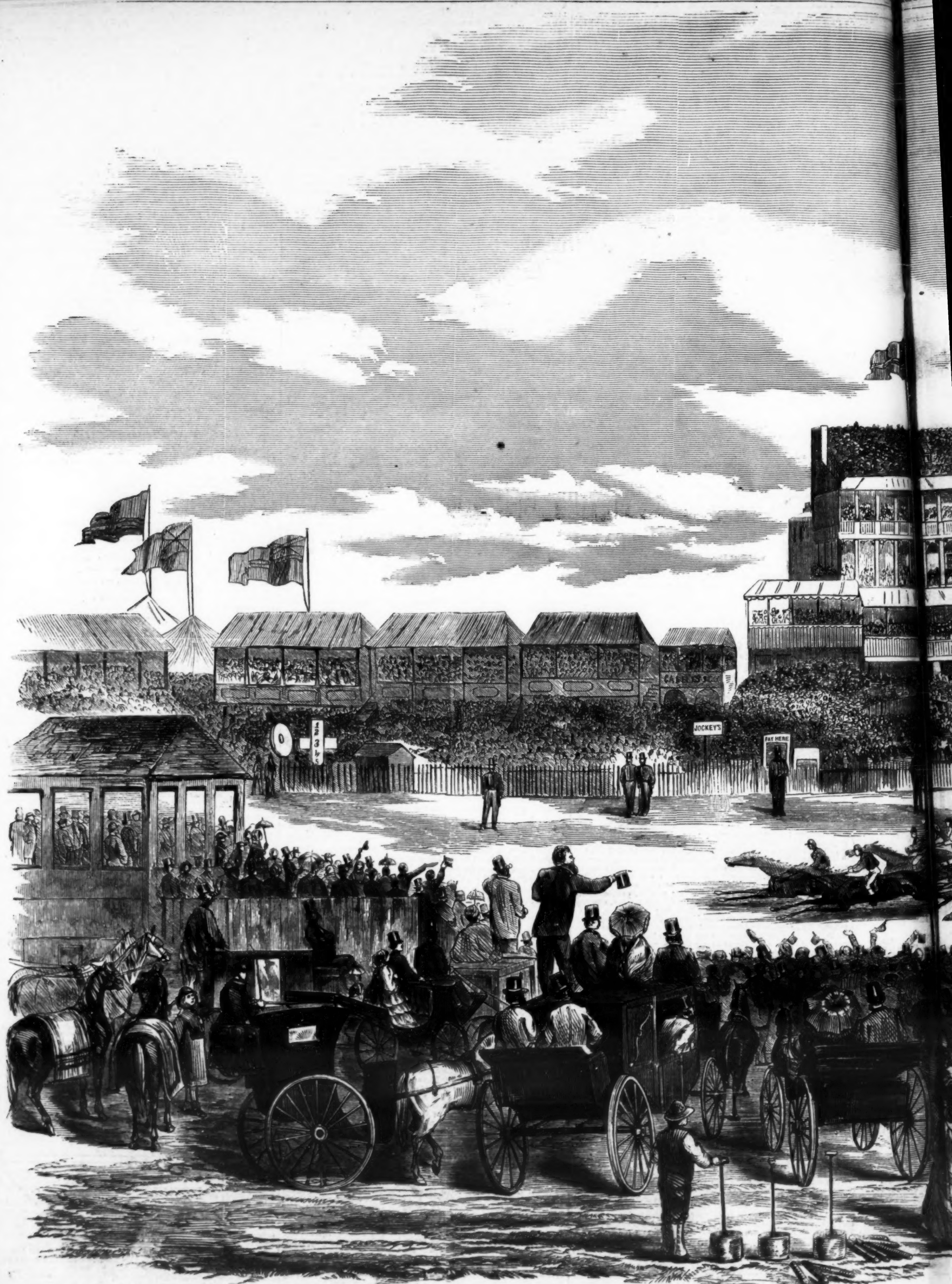
SEVEN CUSHION CAROM—By Wm. Lake, New York.

INSUBORDINATION in the British Navy is becoming rather frequent of late. The crew of the James Watt, on the Mediterranean station, had an episode on the 26th of April, owing to the unreasoning ill temper of the captain, who refused permission for the crew to land and spend some of their money. Order was speedily restored, and the Admiral administered a severe rebuke to all round.

LORD CHILMSEFORD has introduced a bill into Parliament which will have the effect of abolishing the Grand Jurors. We need something of the kind here. They are more Star Chambers.

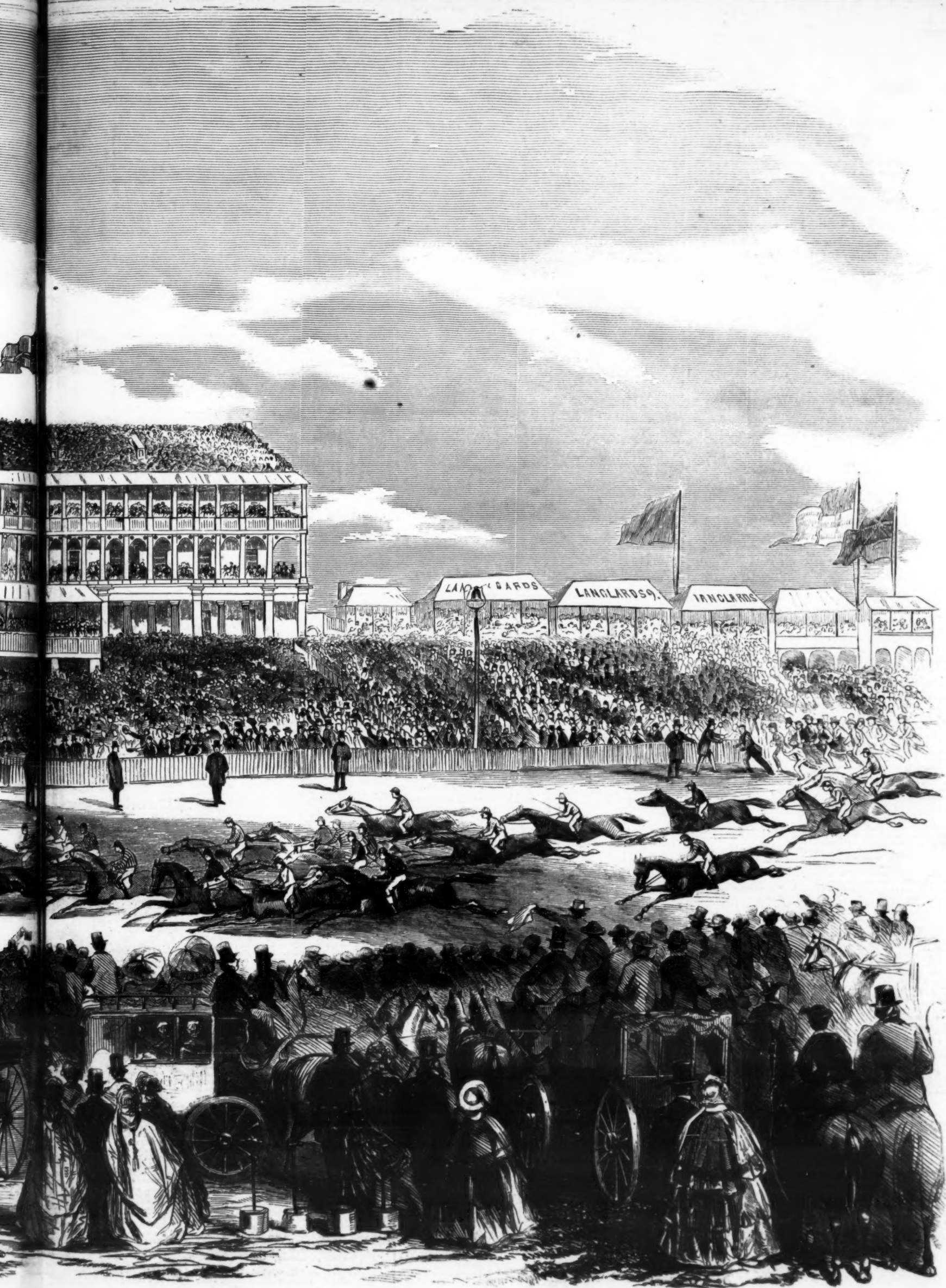
MR. MACREADY, the great spasm gutturalist, is very indignant that the papers should report that his daughter should think of appearing on the stage. Considering that he is an actor, and her mother was an actress, this is remarkably cool of Mr. Forrester's friend.





THE GREAT DERBY RACE, ON THE EPSOM COURSE, MAY 23, 1860, THOMAS





HORMANBY COMING IN AHEAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 50.



## THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

### CHAPTER LIV.

When Captain Brandreth returned on board the Agamemnon he was surprised to find his son waiting in the cabin. He read in the pale features and anxious regard of the fugitive that something unusual had occurred.

Instead of welcoming our hero kindly, he forgot the affection of a parent, and at once assumed the cold demeanor of the judge, determined, as he thought, to be impartial.

A pang shot through the heart of Oliver as he gazed upon the stern countenance of his father, whose every look betrayed suspicion; and, stung by his injustice, he would at once have quitted the vessel, had not the recollection of Phil restrained him.

"Have you been long on board?" demanded the commander of the Agamemnon.

"Two hours, sir."

"When informed of the motive of your visit I shall know how to receive you," observed the captain, dryly.

"Father," said Oliver, greatly agitated—"but I forget how little influence I possess with you in that character—it is as a British officer, in command of a man-of-war, that I address you. I came on board in company with my friend to seek protection."

"Against whom?"

"The infamous police of Naples," replied the young man, firmly.

"Under what circumstances?" demanded the father, sarcastically.

Our hero related the arrest of Phil; his imprisonment in the pestilent prison of Bel Respiro; and the means by which he had effected his escape. During his narrative a portentous frown lowered upon the brow of Captain Brandreth.

"You perceive," he replied at last, "the position in which your headstrong will has left you. Every man must accept the consequences of his acts; yours have placed you in opposition to the laws of the country in which you came upon a bootless errand. Honor and truth," he added, "scorn disguise; guilt only needs concealment. I can do nothing for you. I forget," he added, in the same inflexible tone—"I should have said nothing for your friend—personally, you have no longer anything to fear, having prudently conformed to the law by assuming your proper name."

"It is hard—very hard," he continued, "that the only man who suspects my honor should be my own parent."

"You forget," observed the captain, calmly, "that he is the only one whom Nature authorized to weigh your conduct as his strict balance—to cite your thoughts as well as acts before him—weigh them in his judgment, absolve them, or condemn them."

"And is not he also responsible?"

"To whom?" demanded the father, ironically.

"To him to whom all owe obedience," replied our hero; "who, in giving him a son, invested him with the duties as well as the rights of paternity."

"Fine words, Oliver," remarked his father; "but words weigh little with me. You know my wish, and disobeyed it."

"I thought you left me free to choose, sir?"

"I would not enforce obedience," was the rejoinder. "I gave you credit for remembering the divine law you appeal to—Honor thy father—"

"And thy mother," added his son, respectfully. "I would aim to do both."

"This infatuation," exclaimed Captain Brandreth, pacing the cabin sternly, "is unaccountable. Ought not my will to be obeyed?"

"Not against my mother," interrupted our hero; "Nature revolts at it. A voice more potent even than yours tells me I am her stay—her protector. I see her crushed beneath the blow of an unmerited accusation—the victim of a blind-like plot to blast her name and happiness. May Heaven desert me," he added, solemnly, "if ever, like a heartless coward, I abandon the mother that bore me!"

The countenance of the commander of the Agamemnon flushed to the deepest red, and then turned pale at the words "heartless coward."

"You will, sir," he muttered, angrily, "that I cannot forget the tie between us. You may resent your parent with impunity."

"Insult!" repeated Oliver; "no. Doubtless I regret the fatal error which has destroyed your happiness, I have never presumed to judge your conduct. I spoke, thought but of my own. Were I to see you with a cup of poison raised to your lips," he added, "would it be insult to dash it from you? Were you standing on the verge of a precipice, would it be insult to drag you from its brink?"

"I am a sephist," observed Captain Brandreth, with the obstinacy of a man wedded to his convictions, simply because they are his convictions. "To me the path of honor is plain—straightforward; I understand no winding way—I tamper with no duty. Mine, in the present instance, is distinctly marked out. I cannot permit Englishmen who have wilfully violated the laws of a state in alliance with England to find shelter on board a vessel I have the honor to command. Your friend must quit the Agamemnon."

"Send me on shore!" exclaimed his son, greatly agitated; "give me up to the vengeance of the authorities, if you will, but spare Phil."

"I do not usually alter my decision, sir."

"He is ill—almost dying; see him, and then if you have the heart to abandon him to his persecutors—"

"I have no objection to see him," answered Captain Brandreth, with a cold smile.

The word was passed for the second lieutenant and the gentleman on deck to descend to the cabin. In a few minutes they made their appearance, accompanied by Jack Shears, to whom the order had been given.

On recognizing the father of his friend, poor Phil deemed his troubles over, and confidently held out his hand to him.

The commander of the Agamemnon effected not to see it.

"Under other circumstances, Mr. Brandreth," he observed, "I might have been glad to see you on board; but I cannot permit my ship to be made a place of refuge for those who fly from justice."

"Say, rather from tyranny, sir," replied the young man, indignantly; "you know not half the cruelty I have endured."

"I am not to judge the conduct of the authorities," answered the captain; "if they have exceeded their duty, the ambassador is the fitting person to appeal to. Let a heat be made," he added, addressing himself to the officer, "and the gentleman sent on shore."

The lieutenant disappeared to execute the order he had received. As for Jack Shears, the old seaman looked perfectly bewildered, first at the speaker, then at the pale, emaciated youth, who, despite his weakness, had still sufficient spirit left to turn his back upon the commander of the Agamemnon, as if to quit the cabin.

"Perhaps you honor don't know how the recently fortifiers have treated him?" said the honest sailor, barring Phil's passage.

"Silence!" exclaimed the captain, angrily.

"Yes, your honor, of course."

Here Jack passed his fingers through his thick, grizzled locks—a habit he had contracted when greatly dissatisfied, without daring to speak.

"You will land him at the exact spot you took him from."

"He will land us both there, sir," said Oliver, mournfully, for the unkindness moved him more deeply than the danger.

"You are no longer an offender against the law," observed his father; "you can remain."

"We were both offenders," replied our hero, "although ignorantly so; and were it otherwise, we are friends—brothers—with one heart, one will between us. Whatever Phil's fate, I shall share it with him."

"As you please," muttered the commander. "Remember, I have not driven you from the Agamemnon."

"May you forget that you have driven me from her, sir, when you find yourself a childless man?"

Convinced that it would be useless to make any further appeal either to the reason or humanity of his father, our hero turned aside to conceal the tears of wounded pride and affection that, despite his efforts to repress them, started to his eyes, and throwing his arms round Phil, led him from the cabin.

Poor Jack Shears looked uneasily after them.

"What are you remaining for?" demanded his commander.

"I hoped—that is, I thought—your honor might have further orders."

"Umph!"

"Mad! mad!" muttered the old seaman, as he slowly followed the two friends.

Captain Brandreth had not been left many moments alone before the sense of his injustice smote him, and, starting from his chair, he walked rapidly towards the cabin door. His hand was upon the lock, when the evil genius that for years had been undermining his confidence where most he ought to have felt it, resumed its fatal influence over him.

"Weakness," he muttered, "weakness unworthy of my manhood. I must not give the headstrong boy such a triumph over me. The authorities, knowing they have been on board the Agamemnon, will not dare ill-treat them. It will be a lesson to them both."

Probably our readers will wonder how poor Phil could have existed any ill-treatment on the part of the speaker. It is not difficult to explain.

By one of those strange contradictions of which the heart is capable, the father of Oliver, at the very moment when he treated his son with the greatest harshness, and repelled everything like an approach to a better understanding, glided for the affection he so ruthlessly cast away—felt a species of jealousy at the attachment between him and Phil. He looked upon the latter as having robbed him of some portion of his right.

On reaching the deck, Phil, overcome by weakness, and still more by the unexpected harshness he had been treated with, staggered and would have fallen had not his friend sustained him.

"He is dying," said Oliver; "my father has destroyed him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Jack, clutching the hands of the all but insensible youth between his own rough, honest palms; "it ain't nothink—only a squall. I felt queer myself after seeing a measmate flogged for the first time."

The voice of the lieutenant was heard ordering the men to lower the boat.

"Two miles at least from shore," murmured our hero, "exposed to the night air."

"That is hard," said the old seaman. "Shall I go and speak to his honor? He can only stop my grog for that," he added.

"It would be useless," observed the son of his commander, bitterly.

"Well, I fear it would," replied the sailor.

"Can nothing be done to save him?"

"If the doctor was only on board, or even Holy Joe, he might intercede with the captain," muttered Jack Shears; "not that the skipper would listen much to him. I have it!" he added, an idea suddenly striking him. "Your honor is not ordered on shore?"

"No."

"Change riggin with your measmate, and go in the boat instead of him. I'll take care and land you out of harm's reach."

And Phil?

"Tom shall ship him into my berth," whispered the warm-hearted sailor; "he'll be safe enough there till mornin'."

The old man gave a peculiar signal, which sounded like a sudden gust of wind whistling through the shrouds.

It brought his comrade to his side, who soon understood what was required of him.

"All right," he said; "we always pull together."

The exchange of dress was quickly made, and whilst Oliver, imitating the staggering steps of his friend, followed Jack Shears to the boat—which by this time was lowered—Tom raised the now insensible Phil in his arms, and bore him like a child down the forecastle.

"Where are we to land the gentleman?" demanded the middy in charge of the boat.

Jack pointed to the opposite side of the bay.

"Give way, men!" shouted the young gentleman.

The next instant the boat of the Agamemnon was cutting through the water in a direct line with the Earl of Dalville's villa.

When Captain Brandreth was informed that his son had remained on board, and Phil been set on shore alone, his first impulse was to smile.

"I have tamed this indomitable spirit," he mentally ejaculated.

Gradually a better feeling stole over him—one of regret that Oliver had proved wanting to his friend.

Such is the inconsistency of poor humanity!

Those whose conduct will not bear the reflection of the pillow rarely sleep well, and the commander of the Agamemnon proved no exception to the rule.

By daybreak the following morning he was in solitary dignity on the quarter-deck, musing over his last night's conduct, and endeavoring, by the use of that sophistry he affected to despise, to reconcile it to himself.

Phil had broken the law—there could be no doubt of that—*crucis*, Phil ought to pay the penalty; and those who weakly attempted to screen him became partakers in his fault.

Still the image of the pale, proud youth, as he turned indignantly from the cabin, haunted him, and he felt resolved to go on shore and consult with the ambassador on the best means of delivering him from the hands of the authorities.

Strange to say, he made no inquiry respecting his son, convinced that he was safe on board; he felt satisfied with the knowledge, without wishing to humiliate him further.

"Where did you land the young skipper last night?" whispered Tom to his measmate, as they were hollytowing the decks together.

"The front of the 'bassard's,' I think they call him," replied the old man.

"I don't regret what I've done," he added, emphatically, "not the valy of a rope's end. T'other weak craft would never have lived the night through. How did you leave him?"

"Asleep in your hammock," said Tom. "Poor fellow! he looked as if he were only wakin' to be sewed up ready for Davy Jones's locker. The master-at-arms walked to his side, and would not see him."

"Aye, aye," observed Jack, emphatically; "Old Bleward has a heart, and that a more man can be said for all who wear the blue."

Their eyes involuntarily glanced towards the captain, who still continued to pace the quarter-deck.

An eight-oared cutter was now seen coming towards the ship. Two persons were seated in the stern, one enveloped in a cloak; the other, a younger man, was evidently, by his animated gestures, urging the boatmen to put forth their utmost strength.

The second lieutenant raised his glass towards them.

"Who are they, Mr. Barton?" inquired his commander.

"His excellency the ambassador," replied the officer, touching his gold-laced cap.

"Clear the deck quickly," exclaimed the former, "and place a guard of honor at the gangway."

Those only who have witnessed the precision with which manœuvres are executed on board a man-of-war will comprehend the rapidity with which the order was obeyed. Long before the cutter reached the side of the gallant ship the decks were swarmed by the blue-jackets at their posts and the marines drawn up to present arms to the representatives of their sovereign.

As the commander of the Agamemnon advanced to meet his excellency, he recognised his son, whom he believed all the while on board, and a peculiar expression passed over his still handsome features.

"Umph," muttered Jack, "I don't much like the look of the skipper's figure-head."

Tom shook his head doubtfully.

"An unexpected honor, my lord," observed the captain, with freezing politeness.

"My visit," replied the earl, "is official. I must request the favor of a few moments' private conversation."

"As you please, my lord."

The speaker preceded his visitor to the state cabin, and pointed ceremoniously to a seat.

"I should be sorry, Brandreth," said his lordship, "if anything occurred to create a bad feeling between us; but you are too good a disciplinarian not to understand that duty must be performed under any circumstances, sometimes even at the expense of feeling," he added.

The father of our hero bowed stiffly. He fancied that he perceived a sneer, where a sneer was not intended, for Oliver, anxious to screen his parent from the slightest appearance of having acted harshly, had attributed his conduct towards Phil to his strict sense of duty.

Mr. Philip Brandreth, a British subject, last night sought refuge on board the Agamemnon!

"True, my lord."

"An application, in all probability, will be made by the Neapolitan authorities to give him up."

"I cannot comply with it," observed the captain.

"Spoken like a true English sailor!" observed the Earl of Dalville, warmly.

"I knew you were incapable of abandoning a fellow-countryman—who, after all, erred only in ignorance of the law—to the brutal police of Naples."

"Sincerely," added the commander, "because it is no longer in my power. Mr. Brandreth was on shore by my orders last night."

"There, Brandreth, you are deceived. It was your son, dressed in his friend's coat, that went on shore."

"What?" exclaimed his hearer, yielding to long-suppressed passion, "braved on board my own ship! mocked, laughed at, insulted!"

"Hear me."

"Pass the word for the first lieutenant and the master-at-arms."

In a few minutes the officers he had named entered the cabin.

"Mr. Carruthers have been disobeyed," exclaimed the commander, sternly.

"Let Jack Shears be placed in irons. The young man whom I directed to be sent on shore is still on board; you will see, Mr. Posenby, that he quits the Agamemnon instantly. I hold you responsible, sir."

"Captain Brandreth," said the earl, rising with dignity, "there is my written order for Mr. Brandreth to remain on board your vessel. If I deliver it in the presence of these gentlemen, it is that your unhappy impetuosity has left me no other course. Should the authorities, which I very much doubt, venture to demand him, you will refuse to give him up; should they be mad enough to attempt force, as a British officer, you will know how to act."

With the most perfect self-possession the speaker handed to the astonished commander a paper containing his instructions. No formality had been omitted; they were written in his own hand, signed in full, and sealed with the seal of the embassy.

"This is most extraordinary, my lord. I bow to your authority; in fact, I have nothing left but to obey."

"I presume not," answered the ambassador, mildly.

"I need not remind your excellency," added the father of our hero, "that you are responsible for issuing these—to say the least of them—singular commands."

"As you are for the execution of them," observed his lordship, with the same marked politeness.

"Has your excellency any more commands?" inquired Captain Brandreth, with a marked emphasis upon the word.

"Only to see the ship's doctor," replied the earl.

"Posenby," said his commander, "send Carruthers to his lordship; and—yes, that will do, I have no further instructions. What are you waiting for?" he added, fiercely, turning to the master-at-arms; "you have received your orders."

Both the officers saluted, and disappeared from the cabin.

"I know whom I have to thank for this," observed the infuriated man.

"Your own passion," said the ambassador, in a tone of pity. "It would be unworthy of me to afford ignorance of the person to whom you allude; but, by my honor, you do him wrong. Never did son more try to screen the error of a parent than yours has done."

"Your official rank, my lord, gives you no warrant to interfere in my private affairs," observed the captain, haughtily.

"True! I accept the reproof. The interest I feel in Oliver misled me."

The father of our hero bowed stiffly, like one accepting an apology he had a right to.

When Dr. Carruthers entered the cabin, the Earl of Dalville requested him to visit Phil, and report during the day, at the embassy, whether he was in a fit state to be removed or not.

"And now, Brandreth," he added, rising to depart, and, at the same time, extending his hand frankly, "I would willingly part friends."

"Shall I have the honor of attending your excellency?" was the ungracious reply.

"As you please."

With the most punctilious politeness, the commander of the Agamemnon preceded the representative of his sovereign to the quarter-deck, accompanied him to the head of the gangway, and exchanged salutes, by raising his hat, whilst the guard of honor presented arms.

"Demies," said the officer of marines, as the cutter rowed from the ship.

"Not yet, Piper," exclaimed the captain, "I shall require your men. Posenby," he added, at the same time looking at his watch, "in an hour's time pipe all hands."

A half-muttered curse from the sailors who were standing near followed him as he returned to the cabin.

Jack Shears was right. "Times ain't as they were on board the Agamemnon," muttered his meas mate, Tom.

### CHAPTER LIV.

OUR hero was not on deck when the Earl of Dalville took his departure from the Agamemnon. One of the middies, a youth of sixteen, had guided him to the berth in which Phil had passed the night. He found him sleeping; and as the light streamed through one of the port-holes between decks, and fell upon the pale, worn features of his friend, he shuddered. Young as he was, he had gazed on death, but had never seen any living being so corpse-like.

The heat of the place was stifling. He perceived its effects in the clammy dew upon the brow of the sufferer. A few, but a very few days, passed in such an atmosphere, he felt must kill him.

With a noiseless step our hero advanced to the port-hole nearest the hammock, and opened it to admit the fresh sea air.

The sudden change awoke the sleeper. A smile played upon his wan, emaciated face, when he recognised his friend.

"Oliver," he said, "dear Oliver, is it really you? Let me feel your hand, that I may know I am not dreaming. Where am I?"

"On board the Agamemnon."

"Yes; I—I recollect now. I must not remain here—your father—"

A painful flush suffused the countenance of the captain's son.

"Forget it, dearest Phil," he whispered; "his evil hour was upon him. Alas! he is sadly changed. Forget it for my sake."

"Do not let any fear for the future torment you," he continued; "the Earl of Dalville, one of the noblest, best of men—our ambassador at Naples, has taken you under his protection."

"Thank him for me," said his friend—"thank him. I shall not die in a cold, dark dungeon. I could not have met death with courage there, or prayed for those I love. Madness would have seized me. You wonder at my weakness; do not blame me for it. You cannot imagine half the misery I have suffered."

"Phil! Phil! do not speak of dying," exclaimed our hero. "The worst is past—you will recover. Life has happy days of love and friendship for both of us; only be firm—firm as I am."

The speaker knew not, while boasting of his fortitude, that tears belied his words.

Dr. Carruthers—who, guided by the master-at-arms, now made his appearance—felt more shocked than he thought fit to express at the state of debility in which he found his patient.

"He must be removed instantly," he observed; "the air between decks is stifling."

He little imagined that it was cool and refreshing compared with the atmosphere Phil had lately breathed.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the master-at-arms.

"To my berth," replied the kind-hearted physician.

The warrant officer whispered something about the captain.

"I am responsible," interrupted the doctor, impatiently. "In a case like this my authority supersedes every other; besides, I have that of the ambassador."

The master-at-arms offered no further remonstrance, but summoned some half dozen of the crew to carry the sufferer to the cabin of the speaker. There was something touching in the mainly tenderness with which the rough, rollicking sailors lifted Phil from the hammock, and bore him in their arms.

"Poor lad," observed one of them; "I wish the skipper could only see him; it might do more for Jack than all the parson's pulpit."

As these words a terrible suspicion flashed on the mind of Oliver. He remembered that he had not seen the old sailor since he came on board.

"Where is Jack Shears?" he demanded.

The men shrugged their shoulders and glanced at the master-at-arms.

When placed in the berth of the physician, Phil sank upon the pillow with a sigh of satisfaction. If the hammock in which he had passed the night appeared a couch of down to him, our readers may imagine what the bed of the doctor must have been.

Dr. Carruthers was not only a kind, but a skilful man. In the present exhausted state of his patient he felt that food would be dangerous, and contented himself by administering a cordial, with which he mixed a gentle soporific. Its effect proved almost instantaneous. In a few minutes the eyelids of the sufferer began to droop, then they closed, and his breath came in measured breathings.

"He sleeps," whispered Carruthers; "I may venture to leave him now."

"Is there hope?" demanded our hero.

"Whilst there is youth and life there is always hope," observed the former, kindly, "in four-and-twenty hours I shall be enabled to speak more decidedly."

"When will you return?"

"When—the—when I have attended to my duty," replied the doctor, moodily. "I am sorry to say it is a painful one. You had better remain with your friend till my return."



"Honor!" added the youth, with a bitter laugh—"honor, to lash like a brand the man that saved your life to gratify your spleen against your own son."

With eager eyes the speaker watched the progress of the fugitive. The Agamemnon was anchored at least two miles from the shore, would he be able to reach it?

"See, see," continued the excited youth, whose feelings were wrought to the highest pitch, "his strength fails him; he waves his arm; he help, no hope, for me—for me! The waters are gurgling round him; and now—at least, he shall not die alone. Heaven forgive you, father," he added, wildly, "as I do. From this hour you are a childless man."

The next instant Oliver Brandreth was seen making his way through the sea at a speed no human strength could long keep up.

In the excitement of the moment, everything like discipline was at an end. The crew all rushed to the side of the vessel. They no longer waited for orders.

The knotted tackle by which the boats were suspended was cut; with a heavy splash, they fell into the sea. All but one were submerged.

"Quick! the oars!" shouted Tom.

Some had been stowed aloft—others hid below. Ten minutes elapsed before the boat could be manned; and then the men discovered that the tholes had been removed, and the oars they had caught up, in their haste, were of different lengths.

At the instant our hero sprang from the shrouds of the ship a scale seemed to fall from the eyes of his wretched father—he understood his son at last; his noble courage, generous impulse, devoted friendship—he comprehended the heart he had lacerated, and groined in agony.

"My boy—my only one!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken man; "save him—save him!"

The bay of Naples, especially at the early hour of morning, is generally crowded by fishing-boats, whose graceful white sails, seen at a distance, have all the effect of a number of sea-birds skimming over the waters. They were still numerous when Jack and Oliver disappeared; but, unfortunately, not one of them between the swimmers and the shore.

The crew of one of these light vessels had just finished drawing their nets, and directed its course towards the shore. The first lieutenant signalled them to approach. The Neapolitans, judging from the crowd of sailors upon the rigging and sides of the ship, that something unusual had occurred, paid no attention, but steadily pursued their way.

"Curse them for cowards," muttered the officer.

The disappointment of the Agamemnon men was increased when the little vessel, by tacking, placed itself in such a position that they could no longer see their own boat.

There was nothing left for them but patience. The agony of suspense must be endured.

Sailors are not naturally an unforgiving race, and yet the intense misery, visible to every eye, in the features of their commander, failed to move their pity. All their sympathies were reserved for his gallant son and their old messmate; in fact, with a wild and not unnatural sense of justice, they regarded the remorse and agony of the wretched father as the fitting punishment of his cruelty.

"To think of flogging Jack Shears," said old Spunyard, the boatswain's mate; "as taut a hand as ever pulled a rope."

"Aye, aye!" growled the men, who had gathered around him.

"Jack was right," observed another; "he allays said as the skipper was mad."

"I wish I'd the doctorin' on him, that's all," added a third.

From these and similar observations it was evident the bonds of discipline had been roughly loosened. Orders were given to recover the boats, and a portion of the crew told off for the purpose.

Captain Brandreth had retired to his cabin, a prey to self-reproach—his soul steeped in the bitterness of despair. There were moments when the scene that had just taken place appeared to him a dream. It was too hideous to be real, and he walked hastily towards the companion, as if to assure himself such was the case; at the foot of it he paused, and, with a groan of anguish, returned.

"Heart, heart!" he muttered, striking his clenched hand against his breast, "this is the result of thy pride and obstinacy. I have listened to my passion and called it the voice of reason; stifled each natural feeling, and christened insensibility philosophy. Heart!" he repeated; "there is no such thing, or mine would break!"

"His look—his last, reproachful look, will follow me through years, glare upon my deathbed, mock the words of penitence upon my lips, warn me from the gates of heaven. My son, my noble-minded son, would that I had died for thee!"

"What a hideous deception is man," he continued; "a contradiction even to himself—worse, a lie, a living, acting lie! I withstood conviction, and called my obstinacy firmness; nurtured suspicion instead of confidence; modeled my acts on Nero's, yet called myself a Spartan. God!" he added, "what monsters we appear when the mask has fallen that hides us from ourselves!" These and similar reveries were broken at last by a gentle knock at the door of the cabin.

"They shall not call me hypocrite," he said, dashing the tears from his swollen eyes. "I will be consistent to the last."

The knock was repeated.

"Come in!"

The first lieutenant could not repress a movement of surprise when he saw the change a few hours had produced in the appearance of his stern commander. They had done the work of years—deepened the lines upon his brow and dimmed the fire of his glance.

It was not without an effort that he could keep himself erect.

"Has the boat returned?" he asked.

"It has, Captain Brandreth."

"Without succeeding?"

The silence of his officer answered him.

"I anticipated as much; the swimmers were already at too great a distance, and must have reached the shore before it could overtake them."

"I trust so, captain."

"No doubt of it," replied the unhappy man, nervously. "Although private feeling has been severely shocked, I must not forget my public duty!"—the speaker smiled bitterly at the word—the discipline of the ship, while I have the power to command her, shall be maintained. You will come strict inquiries to be made, Mr. Ponsoby, and place the ringleaders of the mutiny in irons."

The first lieutenant mechanically repeated the word.

"How else, sir, would you designate the men who withdrew the oars from the boats and rendered it impossible to use them at a moment they were so much required?"

"Certainly, Captain Brandreth; you know best."

"Has my barge been raised?"

"It has."

"Let it be manned; I am about to go on shore. Pick the men on whom you can most rely; and remember, Mr. Ponsoby, no liberty to any of the crew or officers."

"Any further commands, Captain Brandreth?"

"None at present."

When the commander of the Agamemnon appeared on deck, many a curious glance was directed towards him; but, although all could perceive the change, none could read its character. Like a mask of iron, his visage was impassive.

"Now, Carruthers," he said, "what is it? I am rather pressed for time."

"Ponsoby informs me that no officer is permitted to quit the ship."

"Such were my orders."

"Permit me respectfully to remind you, Captain Brandreth," said the doctor, "of the instructions of his excellency—that I was to report, in the course of the day, the state of my patient."

"I have not forgotten it, sir."

"Captain Brandreth, I have nothing more to add."

The doctor touched his cap with the usual formalities, and was walking away.

"Ponsoby," said the commander, "the order that no officer should leave the ship till my return does not apply to Dr. Carruthers."

The first lieutenant touched his hat, and the marine at the gangway presented arms, as the father of our hero descended to his barge.

"Orders, your honor," replied the cockswain.

The man of iron could not trust himself to speak, but silently pointed in the direction Jack Shears and Oliver were last seen.

An instant afterwards the barge was sweeping across the bay.

"He is going in search of his son," observed Tom, who, with some others of the crew, had been ordered to repair the damage done to the rigging when the boats were cut away.

"It will be a long chase, poor lad," said one of the men.

"To Davy Jones's locker," added another.

A third wished the skipper might arrive and remain there.

"Bad job!" exclaimed Tom. "As poor old Jack used to say, he must be mad; he wor a good captain once. But things ain't as they wor on board the Agamemnon."

(To be continued.)

## THE MURDERS OF ALBERT HICKS.

Alias Johnson, on Board the Saladin, April 14, 1844.

SALADIN has the gibbet had a wretch so thoroughly deserving his fate as the criminal destined for execution next month for the murder of Captain Burr and the two brothers, on board the E. A. Johnson. The manner in which his complicity with the murders on board the Saladin, in 1844, was discovered, is so curious that we condense it from the *Daily Times*.

When the reporter of that paper visited Hicks, alias Johnson, in the Tombs a few days ago, he dictated some verses which he said he had composed and founded on his melancholy position. Among them these:

I shipped on board the Saladin,  
As you may understand,  
Bound to South America,  
Captain Kenzie in command.

We arrived in that country  
Without undue delay,  
When Fielding came on board  
Ah! cursed be that day!

He first persuaded us  
To do that horrid crime;  
We could then have prevented it,  
If we'd begun in time.

I stained my hands in human blood,  
Which I do not deny;  
I shed the blood of innocence,  
For which I have to die.

This led to inquiry, and a magistrate of Nova Scotia sent to the journal in which this doggerel appeared the full particulars, which brings home to this Hicks a crime quite as atrocious as that for which he has to suffer. It appears that in June, 1844, a vessel called the *Saladin* of Liverpool, was found run on the rocks on the coast of Nova Scotia, deserted by her crew. A search was instituted, and seven or eight seamen were discovered on shore with a large quantity of gold in bars. Certain signs on board convinced the officials that piracy and murder had been committed, and these men were taken to Halifax for trial. It would seem as though this Hicks or Johnson saved his life by turning State's evidence, by which means the pirates were all hanged by the British authorities.

The *New York Tribune*, of May 10th, 1844, gives the whole account of the trial, which we condense. When the *Saladin*, Captain McKenzie, was ready to sail from Valparaiso with a cargo of guano and about eighty thousand dollars of gold and bullion, a Captain Fielding, an American, whose vessel had been seized by the authorities there for smuggling, applied to Captain McKenzie for passage for himself and son. This was granted. On the voyage Fielding tampered with the men and got one-half of them to agree to his plan of murdering the Captain and the rest of the crew. This was accomplished on the night of the 24th of April, 1844, Johnson, or Hicks, commencing the slaughter by murdering the mate; the captain and others were coolly killed and thrown overboard. Upon Fielding proposing to this Johnson to poison two of the survivors, in order to increase their share of booty, Johnson privately proposed that Fielding and his innocent son should be thrown overboard, which was done. The world will breathe all the easier for the extinction of such a brute.

This wretched man has at last confessed to the murder of Captain Burr and the brothers Watts. The murders were committed on the Tuesday evening between nine and ten, when the vessel was about fifty miles at sea. He first killed the Watts who was at the wheel; the noise of his falling brought the other on deck, and he was dispatched in the same manner with an axe. He then went to the cabin, where he saw that Captain Burr had just got out of his bunk—a desperate conflict ensued; but as the murderer was armed and his victim was not, he finally prevailed, and Captain Burr was eventually overpowered. The bodies were thrown over about an hour afterwards, and as the sloop was nearly fifty miles off Sandy Hook, Hicks is convinced they will never be recovered.

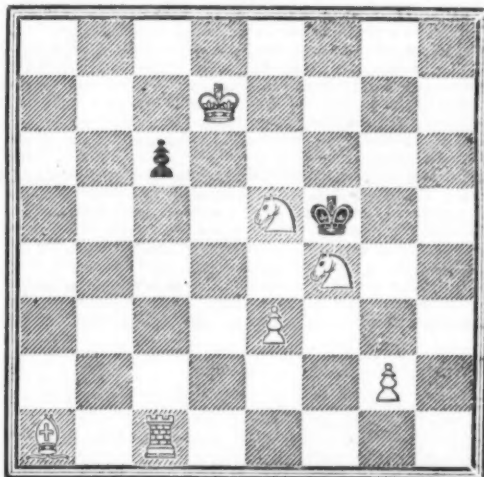
A gentleman now in this city, and who was attached for many years to the United States Mail service on the Pacific Station, visited Hicks at the Tombs on the 5th, and at once recognized him as a well-known freebooter on the Spanish Main, who was then known under the name of Johnson. This at once fixes him as the same who was on board the *Saladin*. Hicks acknowledged the fact, and offered for fifty dollars, to be paid to his wife, to make known the story of his life. Massett is, however, compelling the memoir of his desperate career. It appears that he has been once or twice tried for offences committed near Callao, in Peru, and was condemned to hard labor in the Government mines, near Cerro Pasco. He escaped with others from the guards who were conducting him thither, and reaching Africa, a small seaport town, was shipped on board a small coasting vessel that traded and smuggled along the Main; he then engaged himself on board the *Saladin*, as already related.

## CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. F. F. F., the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 241.—By J. A. POTTER. White to play and check-mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Second Game played in the Tournament at Birmingham, between STANLEY and LOWENTHAL, with notes by Mr. LOWENTHAL.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. L.	Mr. S.	Mr. L.	Mr. S.
1 P to K4	P to Q4	14 P to Q5	Kt to K4
2 P to K3	Kt to K3	15 Kt to Kt	P to Kt
3 B to Q4	Kt to P3	16 B to KRP (ch)	Kt to B (g)
4 P to Q4	P to K3 (a)	17 Q checks at R5	K to Kt2
5 Kt to K3	B to Q3	18 R to K3	R to Kt1 sq (h)
6 Castles	B to K5	19 R to Kt3 (ch)	K to B sq
7 B to Q3	Q to K3	20 Q to R6 (ch)	K to K sq
8 Q to Q2	Q to K3	21 R to K (ch)	K to Q3
9 P to Q3	K to K3	22 P to K (ch)	Q to P
10 Q to K4	B to B	23 R to Q sq (ch)	K to B3
11 Q to R5	Q to K2 (h)	24 Q to Q (ch)	P to K3
12 K to K sq	P to Kt3 (c)	25 Q to R5	
13 Kt to Kt (d)	P to Kt (d)		

(a) This appears to us a bad move, for it ruins in the Q's B, and renders the development of Black's game difficult.

(b) It is evident that taking the Pawn with Knight would have cost Black a piece.

(c) A weak move; but Black's game is already a bad one.

(d) This will be found to be the correct move, for play as Black may the loss of the exchange, at least, must follow.

(e) Had Black taken Kt with Q, White would have won by playing B to K4, followed by Kt to K5.

(f) This sacrifice is quite sound, and, in fact, secures an easy victory.

(g) Had Black moved his K to R5, White would have equally won by replying with Q to R5, &c.

(h) There seems no other move.

## SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM NO. 230, by KATE KROWLEY.—Q to K5 (ch); K to K5; R to K5; P to K5; Kt to K5; &c. mate, with variations.

PROBLEM NO. 237, by JOHN GARDNER.—Q to K5; &c.

PROBLEM NO. 238, by INDOCTRINO, Boston.—R to K7; K moves; P to B3; K moves; B to K5; K moves; R to B7 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 239.—Kt to B5 (ch); K to Kt7; Q to K5 (ch); K to K5 (best); K to B7 (dis ch); Kt interposes; K to Kt (ch); Kt interposes; R to K5 (ch).

PROBLEM NO. 240.—Q to B7 (ch); K to K5; Kt to K5 (ch); K moves; B to K5; K moves; R to B7 mate.

CONNECTION.—An error crept into the numbering of our problems by Nos. 230, 231 being repeated instead of running consecutively as Nos. 234, 235. Therefore we start fair again from No. 237.

## AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

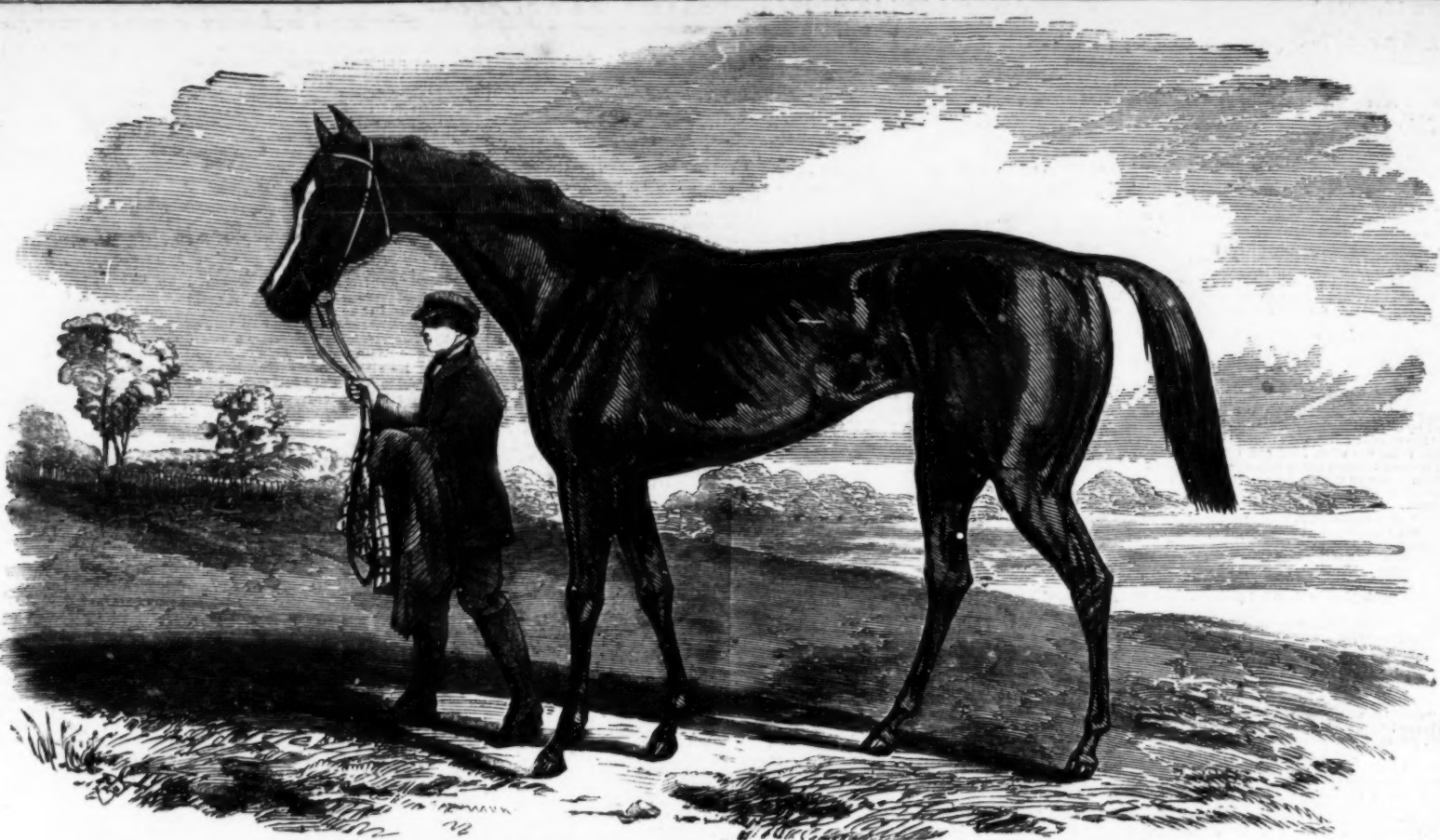
It is not often that Boston produces a romance, more especially when it turns upon love, but it has lately been the scene of one of considerable interest. Nine years ago a young and beautiful girl had two lovers—one a wealthy merchant, the other a mechanic. As the mother of the fair Juliet was of an aspiring mind, and as she herself loved rosewood furniture more than mere pine, she accepted the merchant, although she really loved the poorer lover of the two. After marriage the delicate attentions and generosity of her husband gradually awakened in her all those tender emotions a wife ought to feel, and her life was as happy as love and elegance could

make it. The only thing wanting to complete their happiness was offspring, which the relentless fates denied. In the midst of her golden dream an unfortunate speculation ruined her husband, and after promising to remit her funds he left to retrieve his fortunes in California. The first three years his letters were frequent and his remittances ample, but after that time they stopped altogether. Two years passed in this miserable silence, during which time her mechanic lover had become a wealthy man. Being accidentally thrown together they renewed the intimacy of former years, and saw much of each other. The unaccountable silence of her husband had wounded her pride, and the occasional interviews she had with her old admirer had reawakened the youthful passion she cherished for him. After writing repeatedly to her husband without receiving a reply, she consulted with her mother, and that woman, with her usual prudence, persuaded her to apply for a divorce. This was done. She, therefore, once more told her old lover that she was free and ready to become his wife. What was her dismay when he informed her that he had long overcome his passion, and never could regard her as anything else than a friend; moreover that he had resolved never to marry. In this state of disappointment she was thunderstruck at receiving a letter from her husband, which informed her that he was on his way home, having made a large fortune. He also gently chided her for not answering his letters. She arrived in New York just in time to meet her husband, to whom she stated all that occurred. After a short struggle he forgave her, sent for a clergyman, and remarried the bride of his youth.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Miss Anna Keese has been passing herself off as Miss Emily Mastey, the clever actress at Barnum's Museum, and then passing off counterfeit money. She bought a bonnet of a Division street milliner, and was caught in the double imposture.... Great part of the walls of the New Orleans Gas Works lately fell in, injuring several persons very badly.... The house 231 Broadway, New York, has been pronounced insecure, and part of it is ordered to be pulled down.... As a general rule, our Judges over the thing one way or the other. The other day, the prosecutor in a case of assault and battery, upon seeing a witness placed on the stand who had himself been one of his assailants, cried out, "That man was one of those who pounded me—take him away!"—whereupon the Recorder fined him fifteen dollars, notwithstanding his apologies for the involuntary exclamation. Would the Recorder have been equally the Titus Manlius Rhadamantus Bernard had the interrupter been a shoulder-hitter and a ward politician?... Our friend Chickering's pianoforte establishment, corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway, was discovered to be on fire on the morning of the 7th; it was speedily extinguished.... The Jury at Weymouth, who were empanelled to inquire into the death of Mary Tirrell, have brought in their verdict; it is "that she came to her death through corrosive sublimate, administered by some unknown person." This, however, is the first of the sisters—the evidence is much more complete against the villain in the case of Henry Frances Tirrell. Let us hope this three-dyed murderer will not be allowed to escape through the looseness of the law or the tightness of a technicality.... The death of the swans is the act of those egregious boobies, the Central Park Commissioners. It appears that those Dogberries have caused a quantity of poisoned meat to be scattered about to poison the rats. Fortunately the meat has only killed the swans, instead of some geese in the shape of destitute men. Although it takes very little wisdom to govern the world, a great deal of folly is wasted in the attempt.... Mr. Wise made a balloon ascent on Tuesday, the 6th, from the Palace Garden, for the benefit of the widow of Connor, who was recently killed in a balloon excursion. The balloon landed on the classic soil of Communipaw, and the aeronaut was entertained in a regal style by that excellent man, John Post, Mayor of Communipaw.... A Solferino was fought in Broadway on the 6th between a hack driver and a stage driver. After lashing each other with their whips for some time, their amusement was put an end to by their arrest by a policeman, who by the merest accident in the world happened to be on the spot. That star certainly was out of his orbit.... The Herald says that another suspected slaver sailed from New York on the 6th. When was the enormous expense the capture of these vessels imposed upon our Government, some very stringent action should be taken with these people. Hanging is really too good for them.... On the 4th of June a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Concert Hall, Philadelphia, in favor of Judge Douglas. Among the Vice Presidents was the celebrated Metamora Forrest. The assembly was very unanimous and hopeful. Judge Douglas was prevented by the illness of his child from attending. Resolutions were passed, pledging the meeting to support the Little Giant.... On Sunday evening, the 3d of June, a fearful tornado swept over the eastern part of Iowa and the north-west portion of Illinois. Although it only lasted three minutes, the damage it did was appalling. The towns of Camanche, Iowa, and Albia, Ill., were demolished, and many of the inhabitants buried in the ruins. In Camanche about thirty-two dead bodies were recovered the first day, and many more are doubtless still under the ruins. In Albia nearly fifty were killed and wounded. It will be some days ere we can learn the full extent of this calamity, as the telegraph poles are all down.... The Germans of Philadelphia, while celebrating their Whitmonday in that city, were attacked by a horde of Philadelphia rowdies. The Germans bore it some time with remarkable patience, until at last, provoked at the brutality of the mob, they faced about, and gave their assailants a thorough drubbing. No lives were lost, but broken bones were numerous.... The Crusader arrived lately at Key West, having captured off the coast of Cuba the Bogota, with a cargo of five hundred negroes on board. This ship is owned by a Boston firm, and sailed from thence. The Government should prosecute these men with the utmost rigor. It seems pretty evident that but for the North the slave trade would die out. The negroes had been purchased of the King of Dahomey, and were prisoners of war.... A cowardly brute, named Hadenborth, residing in 212 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, was brought before Justice Whitley charged with a brutal assault upon a little boy eleven years old.... Two pugilists named Woods and King were to have had a fight for two hundred dollars at the Centreville Racecourse; but the Brooklyn Police, led by Inspector Foult, followed the army of roughs up from one point to another, and finally prevented the mill. While we applaud Inspector Foult for his vigorous conduct in this matter, nothing can excuse the violence of some of his men, and the appalling profanity and vulgarity of his language. It is calculated to bring the police into contempt.... A young scamp named Furman lately seduced a young lady. He was about to be tried at the Court of Sessions, when he offered to marry his victim. The father of the lady agreed to it—the ceremony was performed—and then the offended parent told the gay scamp to go to a hot place, since he would take care of his daughter, and he also added if the gay Lothario was ever found near his diggings he would lame him for life. The young Benedict departed crestfallen.... Since the devil became a monk, there has been nothing like Tammany Hall becoming a Hall of Justice; but such is the fact. On Wednesday the Chief Justice held the Supreme Court there. Law cases and gin cocktails for the Court! What a confusion of bars! The bar-tender here now is Judge Bosworth.... A young lawyer of New York, formerly in the District Attorney's office, under John McKean, has lately had his domestic peace invaded by a clergyman named the Rev. George Nugent Monroe. It appears that under the pretence of taking her child for change of air to Boston, she met her religious seducer, and eloped with him to Cincinnati. The husband pursued them to that city, regained his unhappy wife and child, and had the reverend rascal put in jail to take his trial for the offence.... A verdant countryman was enticed into a den in Wooster street, and robbed by the panel game. The police arrested the fair decoy and her partner in guilt, a man who passed off as her husband; but as the stranger was afraid of his reputation, he would not prosecute. He consequently lost his money, which he paid for seeing the elephant in our great city.... Miss Tucker, the daughter of the popular and respected conductor on the Maine and Boston Railroad, was thrown from her horse lately, and seriously injured.... It has been determined to send the Japanese home in the Niagara. She will be ready by the 1st of July. The Roanoke will be housed over, as several of her timbers are found to be defective.... A girl aged fourteen lately married a man in Columbus, Ohio; six days afterwards she poisoned herself. She told a friend that she was disappointed, not finding the happiness in a married life she had anticipated. Poor young woman! Who does?... Mrs. Cook, of Albion, N. Y., maddened by the desertion of her husband, occasioned by the cruelty and oppression of his parents, and very respectable. Parents are frequently responsible for the errors of their children.... A party of Winnebago Indians, three of them old chiefs, paid a visit lately to Green Bay, Wisconsin. They were well known in the Black Hawk war. The distance they travelled to see their old friends was 1,500 miles. They found only one man alive who remembered them.... Mrs. Millard, of Poughkeepsie, while on a visit to Montreal, was attacked by an infuriated bull, and tossed into the air with such violence that her life is despaired of.





THORMANBY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.—FROM A DRAWING BY THE CELEBRATED HENDERSON, OF LONDON.—SEE PAGE 50.

#### THE PRIZES FOR THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA OF 1860.

We engrave, as has been our custom for years, the prizes now on exhibition at the establishment of Tiffany & Co., for the New York Yacht Club Regatta, which came off on the 7th. The prizes are five in number, and have been made by the above named house, which has been worthily honored by the patronage of this Club from a date to which the memory of the most venerable salt of the Yacht Club runneth not back. A tankard, ice-dish, castor, salad bowl and oyster chafing-dish are the articles for competition—there being no order of precedence in the series aside from the preference of the victor, whose only advantage is the right of choice in succession.

The tankard is after the popular Flemish type in shape, a vessel weighing some forty ounces, and standing some eleven inches in height. Its body rises out of a slightly swelling pedestal, the change of line being beautifully covered by a broad conventional flower border. Above this border, and again just under the lid, a hawser in solid relief passes round the tankard, and in a true sailor's knot at the back seams the section of a broken mast, which serves for a handle. The mouthpiece is a spirited sculpture of an inverted dolphin. The thumbpiece—without

which no tankard of the olden time would be perfect—is the representation of a trident. The lid is a very handsome field of flat burnished silver, slightly moulded at the edge. Around the top an exquisite border, like a series of coral sprigs, suggests the unfortunate fate of the "Ancient Mariner," who, in solid sculpture, reclines within its fatal circle, and, telescope in hand, seems to be gazing over the limitless expanse for some passing ship. The poetic conception is thus complete—the coral reef, the castaway, the remains of a wrecked ship, &c. The statuette is by far the finest piece of sculpture in silver we have ever seen, everything, even to the professional bagging of the sailor's shirt and the mannerism of his attitude, being to the life.

The ice-dish, though an evidence of skilful execution, is of too incongruous design to be really artistic. Of the ordinary shape for such vessels, it is entirely covered with reliefs of marine plants, shells, &c. The base is a truthful representation of the surf breaking over rocks and subsiding upon a weed-covered beach. The stem is made of a bunch of bullrushes—a fresh water plant—and though exquisitely wrought, is but an inconvenient hold for the hand. The bowl is a profuse field of representations of marine curiosities. The border ornamenting the over-lapping lid is the feature of the piece, and in its superlative beauty affords a most palpable proof that the real artist need not restrict himself to the

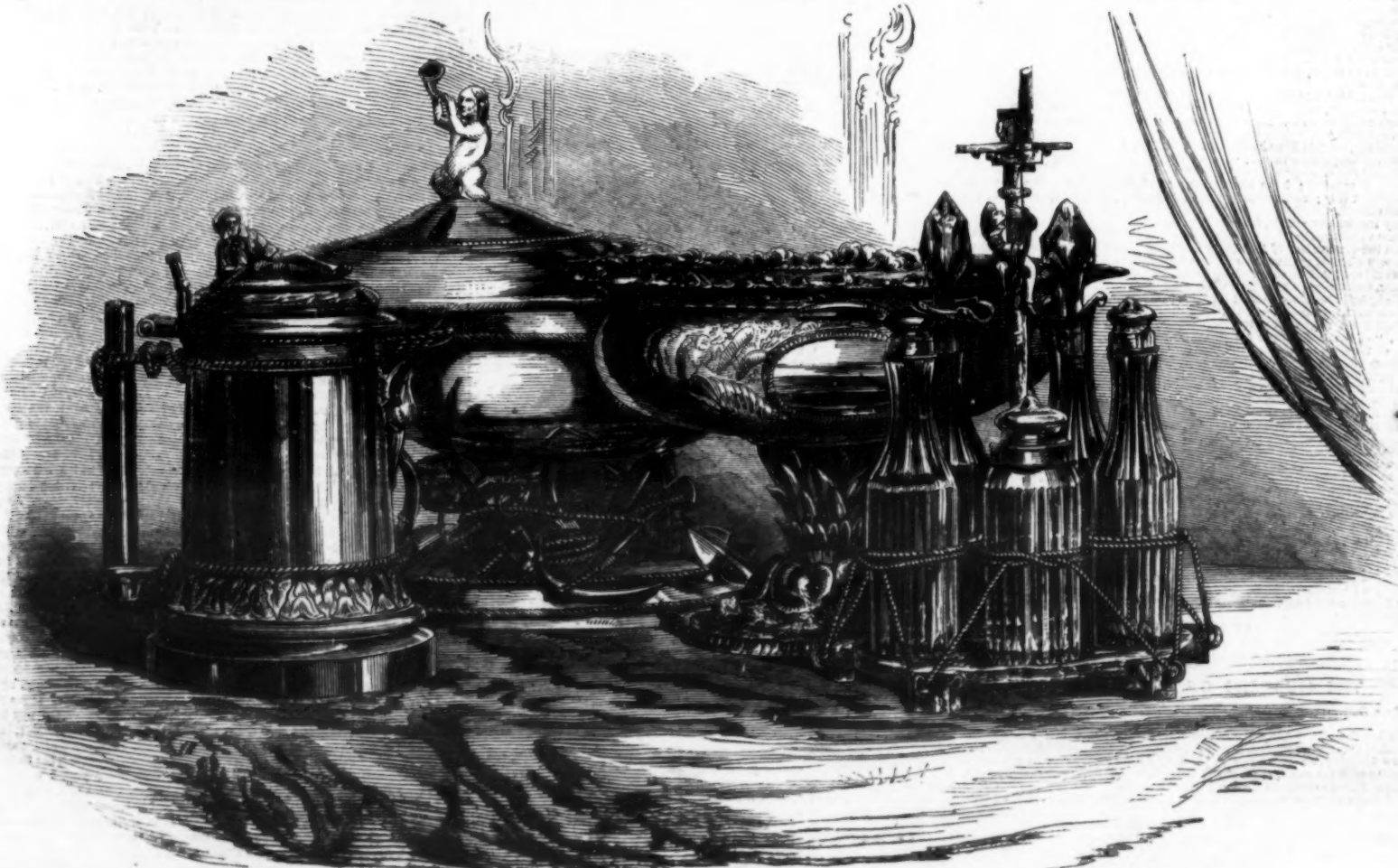
antique fret or anthemion for ornament. Weight forty-two ounces, height ten inches.

The chafing-dish is identical in shape and size with the piece for second-class schooners in last year's regatta, and entirely like it, with the exception of a few variations of ornament. The shell surmounting the dish-cover has this time given place to a finely modelled statuette of a Triton blowing the shell trumpet, and the borders are likewise different in design. This piece weighs fifty-two ounces.

The salad-dish is a very gracefully shaped oval bowl, raised upon four foul anchors, the beams being the actual supports, while the flukes and cables in a well-ordered tangle cover the pedestal with an elaborate confusion. This piece finds many admirers. Its weight is forty ounces.

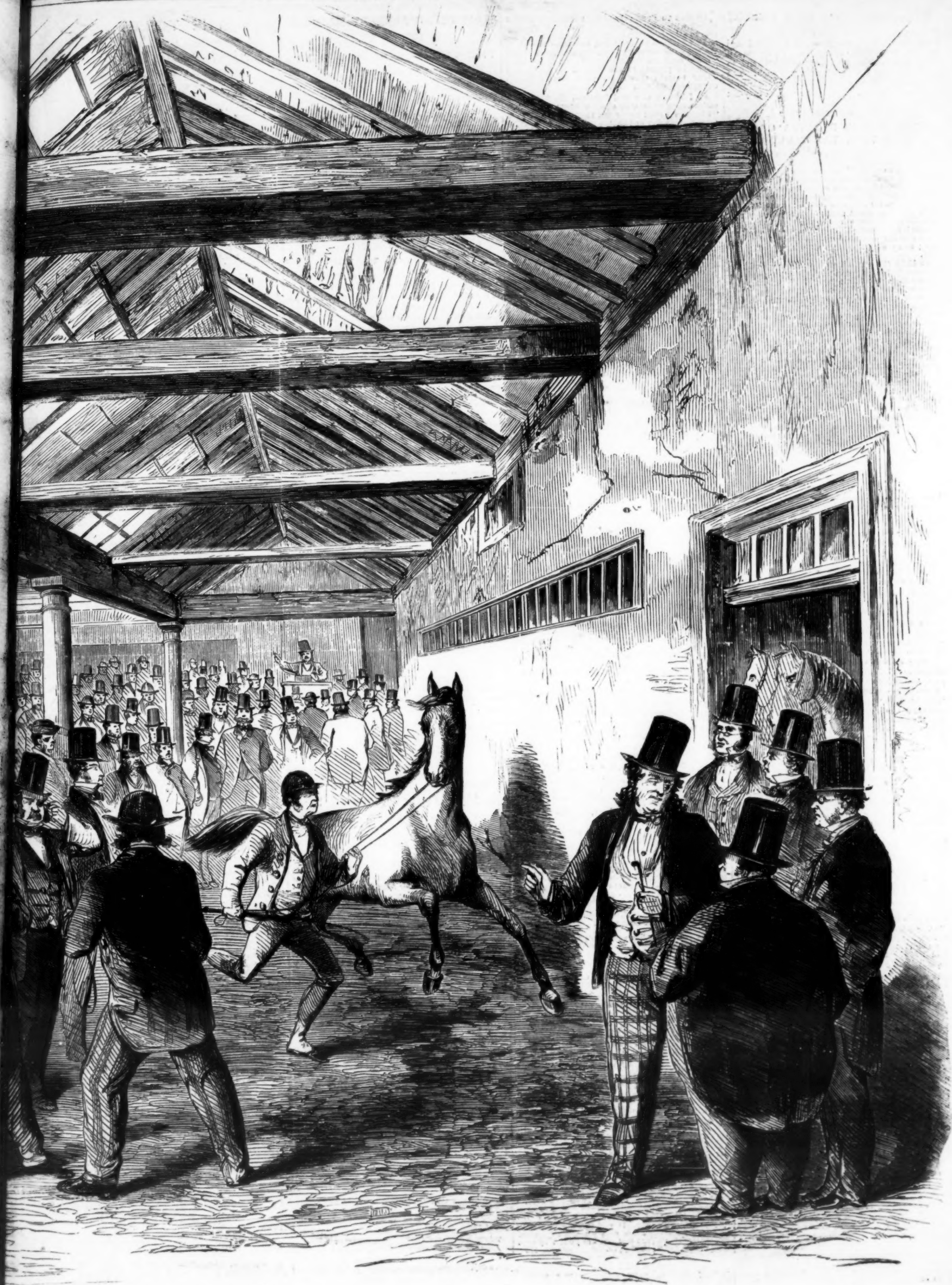
The castor is a five-bottled affair, and doubly commends itself to popular approval, as a most useful article and the realization of a very pretty conceit. Its general idea is borrowed from a craft which has been encountering the pepper-sauce of a sea that has not known the effect of oil upon its waters for a day or two. The bottles are secured by lashings of rope passing upwards from rings in the pedestal, shroud-like, to the stump of a mast, which serves as a handle to the castor. The topmast has been carried

(Continued on page 62.)



THE PRIZES CONTENDED FOR BY THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 7TH, 1860.—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK.





RE THE DERBY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 60.



## NEW YORK YACHT CLUB PRIZES.

(Continued from page 60.)

away just above the cross-strees, from which hangs a block, the last relic of rigging. Up the mast a sailor is "shinning" with a rope in his hand to reeve above, and thus get up a new stick. The design is every way beautiful, and elicits universal admiration. This piece weighs fifty-six ounces.

## ANNUAL SPRING REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The annual Regatta of this well-known Club came off on Thursday, the 7th inst. The morning was not very favorable, but as the day advanced the weather cleared up, the breeze freshened, and the close of the race was one of great interest.

As the first gun boomed for the third class to start, the breeze swung into the stream, and there beheld at about 11.12 o'clock the Narragansett, Ray, Glengarry and Alpha spreading their canvas for the contest. The wind was at this moment blowing somewhat freshly from the south-east; away they sped, the Glengarry taking the lead.

At 11.20 the second gun was fired, and the Rowena, Mannersing and Mallory cut loose, leaving the Fauny out of the race. Just eight minutes after, being at 11.28, the renowned Rebecca, being the only sloop of the first class that started, and the schooners Restless, Haze, Stella, Dawn, Bonita, Zinga and Favorita, all joined in, and made, as well as a head wind would allow them, for Robin's Reef, which is off Staten Island.

The sailing to this point was entirely devoid of interest. The wind went down, and each craft floated lazily down the bay, while the scene around and about them was both brilliant and gay. A perfect flotilla of steamboats decked out with flags and colors of all descriptions hung back so as not to interfere with the yachts, nervously awaiting the coming breeze.

Just previous to reaching Robin's Reef a smart breeze sprang up, accompanied by a most refreshing shower. The yachts to this time had scarcely changed position, and the interest was fast dying out. As they neared the flag boat they felt the influence of the breeze. The yachts passed the lake boat, Elysian Fields, in the following order:

	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Haze	4 36 31	Rowena 5 08 50
Favorita	4 37 15	Dawn 5 13 24
Zinga	4 40 10	Glengarry 5 18 00
Rebecca	4 41 24	Narragansett 5 23 12
Restless	4 44 28	Alpha 5 36 19
Mannersing	4 47 10	Bonita distanced.
Mallory	4 56 04	

It is to be regretted that the Rebecca had no competitor, as we are convinced she is one of the fastest boats afloat.

The prizes were won by the Haze, Favorita, Rebecca, Mannersing and Glengarry.

## BREVITIES.

"If a naughty girl would hurt you, you would forgive her like a good girl, wouldn't you?" asked a teacher of a little girl. "Yes, ma'am," replied the child, "if I couldn't catch her!"

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Sure, then, I'm just walking to rest me legs," replied the boy.

"Don't you think there is rather too much warmth about this picture?" said an artist to a lady whose portrait he had painted. "No, indeed," said she, "not half enough; and so I'll throw the thing in the fire!"

A young lady seeing the regiment of Six Feet Volunteers, said they put her in mind of the god of marriage, because they were high-men.

A WILTSHIRE JOE'S PATIENCE.—One night, as Job Cook came off the downs, wet to the very skin, it happened his wife had been baking. So when he went to bed his wife took his leather breeches and put 'em in the oven to dry. In the morning he began to feel about for his things, and he called out and said, "Betty, where be mee things?" "In thee oven," said his wife. So he looked in the oven and found his leather breeches all cocked up together like a piece of parchment, and he bawled out, "Was ever man plagued as I be? What be I to do now?" "Patience, Job; patience, Job," said his wife; "remember thee old namesake, how he was plagued." "Ah," said the old man, "he was plagued, surely, but his wife never baked his breeches."

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt tried no more arguments with him.

A CLERGYMAN, while engaged in catechizing a number of boys, asked one of them the definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they can go to heaven."

A PERSON asked another if the tolling of a bell didn't put him in mind of his latter end. He replied (knowing that his interrogator was a man of more than questionable morals), "No, sir; but the rope reminds me of yours."

THE author of "The Habits of Good Society" quotes a remark of a late eminent barrister, that literature in ladies should be what comes next to be in cookery—you should perceive the flavor, but not detect the tang itself.

SHRIMP inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

AN Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washerwoman."

WE knew a poor fellow who takes the palm in all his quarrels with his wife. She slaps his face.

A LADY, playfully condemning the wearing of moustaches, declared, "It is one of the fashions I set my face against."

AN English missionary now in Sumatra lately wrote home that he had the "satisfaction" of examining the oven in which his predecessor was baked.

THERE is a lawyer in Plymouth so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over nights, so determined is he that everything shall have its due.

A young lady, a few evenings since, said to her cavalier, "Please clasp my cloak?" "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents too."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—An American clergyman having with great eloquence urged his congregation to abstain on Thanksgiving Day from all labor and all business pursuits, and to attend church in the forenoon, concluded with this touching appeal: "If any brethren are at leisure in the forenoon, I should be pleased to see them at my house, as I intend to take that opportunity, should friends enough assemble, to move my barn."

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get them on until I have worn them a day or two."

ONE John W. Jones, who has been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other.

## AMERICAN WATCHES

AND THE  
American Watch Company,  
WALTHAM, MASS.

We invite attention to the following statement and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials, in favor of these celebrated American watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute at New York in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability and reliability in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory timepieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and necessarily as perfect a timekeeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches in many instances by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best marine chronometer.

N. B.—We have just introduced a new style of watch, elaborately finished, and thinner than any we have hitherto produced, with several improvements calculated to insure the greatest accuracy of performance, and to prevent the usual accidents and derangements to which foreign watches are liable.

## TESTIMONIALS.

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE,  
New York, Oct. 27, 1859.

American Watch Company, Waltham.

GENTLEMEN.—Having carried one of your Watches for the last eighteen months, I can say confidently that they will do, and may be bought with assurance that they will keep time. I believe the watch unsurpassed.

HORACE GREELY.

CHICAGO, Ill., March, 1860.

American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

I have tested with extreme care the running of the watch I bought of you, now nearly a year since, and so accurate and equable has been its performance that I have thought it would interest you, and all others familiar with horology, to see a record of its variations. It was finally set to true time after it had been regulating in my possession for three months.

June 5, lost 4 seconds. Oct. 1, lost 8 seconds.  
Aug. 15, " 6 " Dec. 15, " 9 "

Since which time its average monthly variation has not exceeded six seconds.

Very respectfully,  
NORMAN WARD.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FRANK, ED. N. Y. OBSERVER.  
New York, Feb. 21, 1860.

The American Watch Company.

GENTLEMEN.—I have worn one of your American watches for the last six months, and am greatly pleased with it. It keeps time to my entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,  
S. I. FRANK.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. WHEE.  
200 MULBERRY ST., NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1860.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.

DEAR SIR.—I have carried one of your American watches several months, and have found it a very admirable time-keeper, fully equal to any watch of European manufacture I have ever carried.

I am, respectfully yours,  
DANIEL WHEE.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

Boston, Sept. 28, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treasurer American Watch Co.

DEAR SIR.—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

GEORGE E. PORTER.

FROM GENERAL MORRIS, OF THE HOME JOURNAL.  
COLD SPRING, N. Y., October 15, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.

DEAR SIR.—The American watch made by your Company, which I have in constant use for about a year, has kept excellent time, and sustains your guaranty. It seems to be less disturbed by horseback and railroad car jolting than the generally used foreign watches.

Respectfully yours,  
GEORGE P. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, October 4, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Trans. American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

DEAR SIR.—The American watch that I have carried during the last eighteen months has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent timekeepers.

288  
H. L. STUART.

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